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ST. CLYDE.



ST. CLYDE;

A NOVEL.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 " This is my own, my native land !"
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?

SCOTT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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ST. CLYDE.

CHAPTER I.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN matters had proceeded pretty well with Louis and Norah, Mon. Villejuive hinted to the Laird St. Clyde, that a match between them would not only be desirable to himself, but to his son particularly, and he believed to the family and friends of St. Clyde. The laird at once made the most violent objections to the very insinuation; and roundly told Mon. Villejuive, that so

long as he could exercise a parent's authority over his daughters, neither of them should be allowed to go so far out of the duties she owed herself and her family, as to marry a cousin. The conduct of the laird, in refusing ever to converse with Mon. Villejuive on the subject, was firm and resolute; and, though neither blabbed out the circumstances to his friends or family, it was well known that if the Laird St. Clyde died without heirs male, his estate would descend to his eldest daughter's eldest son; but in the event of no issue, it would diverge from the family, without any prospect of reverting to any branch of Mon. Villejuive's family. But Mon. Villejuive was resolved to try his efforts with the dominie, Mr Maclean, who was universally known to have the most absolute sway over the Laird St. Clyde. Mon. Villejuive argued, if he made friends with the dominie,

he would finally succeed with the laird; for though the laird was impenetrable to a direct application for his consent to the addresses of Louis being paid to Norah, he might not be invulnerable to the entreaties of Mr. Maclean, who could not be supposed to have any interest in undertaking such a task; and in order the better to effect his purpose with Mr. Maclean, Mon. Viljeuive employed the dominie to do several jobs in writing for him. The dominie was not the richest man of his cloth; his income was small; he took snuff; he drank his ale and his whisky like other men; he gave alms; he lived as well as he could. On a Sunday afternoon, after the labour of officiating as precentor in the kirk, he ate a good dinner, but he drank not to become intoxicated: "if he sipped a drop of the creature, 'twas because his stomach required it; speaking all day to boys

was very fatiguing; the breathing of corrupt air in his school nine hours every day was very bad ; and” (rubbing his forehead with the palm of his hand, to feel if it were moist or not) “ the heat of a summer’s day required a glass of grog to break the perspiration; the morning and evening fogs were very dangerous; the wet weather in the spring and the fall of the year required something to fortify the constitution against its pernicious effects; the transitions from rain to fair weather, from heat to cold, and from thick fogs to a serene sky and a salubrious atmosphere, and the pinching cold of winter, needed a glass of *snaps* twice a day, to keep the cold out, or warm the heart, if the climate should offer to assail his *auld* constitution”. Now these were some of the arguments the dominie used for the use of spirituous liquors: and “ reading, and thinking, and

puzzling calculations required the solace of a pinch of black rapee;" it was not as luxury the dominie carried a snuff-box; "he could be sixty times refreshed in the sensitive faculties for a *bawbee*; it was a cheap way of enjoying one of the simplest refreshments Providence gave man: there was nothing superfluous in nature; one man used hair powder, another carried a staff, a third cut off his hair and wore a wig; a toupee was no more a sign of wisdom, than large whiskers of personal courage; the man who rated Mr. Maclean for taking snuff, should not eat spices in the seasoning of his food; there was not a whit of difference between a luxury of one kind and that of another: the time employed in opening and shutting the snuff-box, the interval occupied in raising one's hand to his nose, might be worse employed; it might be spent in defaming one's

neighbours: people might quarrel with snuff, who would be extravagant in dress, in diet, in household furniture; in short, meddling *bodies* would not let a harmless pinch of snuff be taken, because they could distinguish themselves by crying down what they wanted sense and virtue to appreciate and applaud:" but these were the fewest in number, and weakest in carrying conviction, of all the arguments the dominie used. He would not defend his practice by the high conclusion of the force of habit, and the examples of the great. The dominie gave alms, not because he was richer than his brethren, and more independent than those who received his alms, but it was following the example of a *great personage* to give alms, and pray; and though a "goupen-fow of meal would never be missed, there was nae kenning wha might be a hallan-shaker, things

might a' gang to the dog-driving; the bit and the brat was nae denied the raven o' the sky: his duds might na be as braw's the breeks o' his forebearis; but it was better to live on a little, than to hear bodies as ane passed them by, saying, 'Look, man, di' ye see that chiel; there's nae breard like midding breard.' " And with all his faults, the dominie was a sober man, a good man, a great scholar, and the best companion at a merry-making that ever lived.

It was to this man, then, that Monsieur Villejuive applied for assistance in overcoming the scruples of the laird; and the method Monsieur Villejuive took to effect this, was what his judgment dictated as the best; and the dominie, after having been employed by Monsieur Villejuive for some time as a kind of an accountant, for which he was handsomely rewarded, an attempt was made by his employer, when noth-

ing else could do, to bribe him to persuade the laird to the propriety of the measure. It was to no purpose that Monsieur Villejuive reported the happy results that might be expected from such an union.

There was no gallantry in the dominie's pate. He was not to be seduced by more than the reward of his well-earned cash, and to bribe him was like dissolving a diamond. But the manner in which Monsieur Villejuive went about these tasks was so refined, that it is impossible almost to handle even the outline; the details of the subject, the ramifications of the plot he had laid down, are not tangible. A rough draught of his efforts must suffice. The eye and the ear and the living picture should be together, to enable us to have an entire representation.

The upshot of this business was,

that Monsieur Villejuive did not succeed ; and the laird even hindered his daughters from receiving the visits of their cousins as they had been accustomed to receive them. Mrs. St. Clyde had the most absolute command over her daughters, and neither Norah nor Ellen would offend mamma ; but she could not understand how her nephews ceased to be as assiduous as formerly ; and the laird never divulged the matter except to the dominie, who broke the ice on this delicate matter with him, by whispering, one day, how much need there was for St. Clyde's keeping a watchful eye over the affections and conduct of his nephews and daughters.

But one great and shocking feature in the conduct of Monsieur Villejuive was, his proposing a match between Louis and Norah, only nine months after the news of Colin's fate had been

received ; and as this was the chief cause of offence between St. Clyde and Villejuive and the dominie, many weeks did not pass away till the Gaul made ample reparation for his misconduct, by concessions which became his character as a parent ; and the laird and the dominie were so pleased with the good sense Monsieur Villejuive showed on this occasion, that the past was forgiven, and time only was necessary to cause it to be entirely forgotten. And it was by this acknowledgement of error, and generous forgiveness, that, in a few weeks more, things resumed their usual course ; visits were received and paid ; parties were made of relations and friends ; and the hospitality of one family was neither beyond nor beneath that of the other : and now that Monsieur Villejuive got fairly into the good graces of his friends, he was as anxious as they to prevent the results he had

once attempted to draw from an intimacy between his sons and the daughters of the Laird St. Clyde, and the young Villejuives were to be sent over to Dublin to finish their studies.

In about a month these young men left Bute, and arrived safe at Dublin, where they remained without so much as corresponding with their friends in Bute, but for the necessary article of money; and when they were gone, the Laird St. Clyde felt happy, and Monsieur Villejuive lived very retired: he studied agriculture theoretically all winter, in spring and summer he reduced it to practice, thus relieving the fag of study by occasional labour in the field; thus practising what he had acquired, and becoming, in short, an adept farmer. But it was only for amusement; and the people at Knockmore were very much pleased to have the company of Monsieur Villejuive. His labours were

equal to that of any son in the family; and he was so very agreeable, every body was pleased with him: the little boys and girls were delighted by his attentions to their small wants; the young lasses only thought that if the *Prince* had been fairly seated on the throne of his forefathers, and *Holy Rood House* again should echo with the noise and bustle of the saddled, neighing war-horse, the chariot, the *Holy Mass* in *Mary's* chapel, the trampling of the courtiers' steeds, the murmur of the vassals' voices, the songs and the pibroch of the kelted bands on *Arthur's* seat; if this had been established and fixed, Monsieur Villejuive, who was so pleasant and agreeable, might have spent many a happy night with the bewitching company of *Holy Rood House*, and the beauteous ladies of *Edina's* court.

It was impossible not to be pleased

with Monsieur Villejuive: the school-master wished the people would copy his conduct ; and the minister thought that Monsieur Villejuive was wholly free from the heresies of the religion of his *Prince* ; and he was greatly delighted so see weekly at the kirk, a man who had been baptized by a priest, and who had crossed himself from the time that he was three years of age till he had outlived forty-two.

CHAPTER II.

He was not there, nor seen along the shore :—
Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er;
Another morn, another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;
Mount, grotto, cavern, valley, searched in vain.

CORSAIR.

THERE was nobody more sorrowful at the fate of Colin St. Clyde than Monsieur Villejuive: he condoled with the laird; he soothed the sorrow of Mrs. St. Clyde; he tried, by every agreeable and sprightly turn of speech and action, to dispel the gloom that hung over the minds of Norah and Ellen. He was so active in procuring information that might be depended on respecting Colin's fate, that, not content with letters which had been

received from the major of the regiment, he resolved to go to Edinburgh, where there was a general officer that had returned, and from whom some information was expected that might throw light on the fate of young St. Clyde. With this intention he left Bute, intending to go by Dumbarton castle, to get letters of introduction to the person whom he wanted to see at Edinburgh; and from Dumbarton he proposed to visit Mr. Levingstone's, and stay there a week; thence he would go to Edinburgh.

He had not been gone from the island but six days, when he received the following letter on his arrival at Mr. Levingstone's:—

“ Dear Sir,

“ I must dispense with the ceremony of an epistolary introduction in addressing you, and open

my business without reserve. Your brother-in-law has been missing these three days; and though we have made every enquiry, we have not been able to receive any tidings of him. Your sister-in-law is not a superstitious woman; but she and her daughter dreamt in one night the same dream before he was missing, that he stood by their bed-side as if drenched in water, his eyes closed, and his mouth open, and his fine toupee head of hair hung all wet over his head and temples; and that in an instant his countenance began to irradiate, and his eyes opened, his mouth closed, and his face and mien assumed an appearance more than human, till he vanished as if by the ceiling of the room from their view.

“This dream your sister-in-law related to him the next morning at breakfast, in the hearing of your niece: he smiled at it, and said, ‘there was nothing in

dreams; they did not surely imagine he was going on the sea, and there was no likelihood of his becoming such a coward as to throw himself into Ambrisbeg loch.' I am very sorry to add, your poor sister-in-law has been delirious these two days; your elder niece is not much better; and unless your presence can support your younger niece, and yield some comfort to them all, I am afraid I shall but ill be able to do that duty for you.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

“R—y, Decr. —

WM. THORNHILL.”

He sunk back in his chair on reading the letter, and none of the company had power to ask what was the matter. However when he had remained in this posture for some time, with an altered colour, and a look that gave no indication of power to speak, (for his eyes, though

widely open and directed to Mr. Levingstone, had not during this elapse of irresolution been shrouded by their lids,) both Mr. Levingstone and his son sprang towards him, and seizing him by the hands, called aloud for the cause of such sudden consternation and despair. Villejuive could not speak; he pointed to the letter; Antony took it up, and, looking at the signature, asked if there was any bad news in it. Villejuive pointed again to the letter Antony held in his hand, and tried to say—read !

When he could pronounce the word, it was as though his heart had burst; the very room appeared to shake by the shock into which utterance thrust him. Antony read, and gave it to his father; he also read; and both condol-ed with Mon. Villejuive, and bade him hope for the best.

He would not stay an instant, but

would go directly to Bute. Antony begged his father would allow him to accompany Mon. Villejuive: Villejuive would be very happy of his company; but he thought Mr. Antony Levingstone would be more happy if engaged with his father during the Christmas holidays, than going where all must be sorrow and sadness, if matters were as bad as the letter represented.

“And that’s the very reason why I want to go: I beg no objection may be made to my going with you, Mon. Villejuive: I may be able to assist you in so trying an occasion.” Villejuive thought so too, and begged Antony would accompany him.

It was now one o’clock of a short December’s day, and they left Kelvin without further refreshment than one glass of wine and a biscuit; and they were in Greenock next morning, to set off for the isle of Bute with the packet.

The packet-men had heard the sad news respecting the Laird St. Clyde. The passengers insisted that M. Villejuive and Levingstone should have the cabin to themselves: the wind was fair; the vessel cut the deep like a dolphin; they were landed on the isle in four hours, and in one more they reached St. Clyde's house.

It was in every deed the house of mourning. The laird's wife was now quite deranged; his eldest daughter lay in bed like a piece of Parian marble; and his youngest daughter clung to Villejuive's neck, and rent every heart by her wild frantic shrieks.

Here was a season, when nature, in the reins she gives to despair and grief in one fellow-creature, kindly adds superior firmness and resignation to another; for it is seldom she can herself witness the decomposition of all the hearts she gives to drain the bitterest cup of misery and suffering.

When they got Ellen St. Clyde a little composed, the minister approached with them to the chamber of the distracted Mrs. St. Clyde. It was too much for the agonizing woman to bear. Though held by two very powerful women in bed; she darted like an arrow into the arms of Levingstone, exclaiming, "Is it Colin! Colin! O, my Colin!" and the minister and the women saved this mother from sinking down to the floor. Her grasp resembled that of death; and when her arms could be disengaged from Levingstone's neck, there needed no more strength of man to keep her from flying to the loch, and searching its bottom for the corpse of her husband: it was one of those paroxysms of madness which completely debilitates the frame, and leaves its subject in a state of stupor and insensibility, which is best seen in the sculptor's exhibition of this dreadful malady.

They put Mrs. St. Clyde again into bed, and approached the room of the eldest daughter. All here was silent as the tomb: Norah's eyes were closed; her teeth rattled one against another, as if set in motion and continued in action by some secret piece of mechanism: colour she had none more than *Jairus'* daughter, when *He* who gave life to the dead, said "*Talitha cumi.*"

The doctor was there: medicine had been poured down her throat; she could not swallow it: the warm bath could not give warmth to her limbs; her hands were cold; the nails of her fingers were tinged with the tint of mortality; on her forehead stood some drops of cold perspiration, which had the semblance of dew on the winter lily in January's morn.

The wives and daughters of the neighbouring farmers were there; the comptroller's wife and his daughter had

come from Rothsay ; Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Gillies, and the doctor's wife, all were there. In fact, Mrs St. Clyde was given up by the doctor ; but his wife would nurse her, and wet her lips with a little wine.

Mrs. Thornhill never left the room of Miss Norah St. Clyde, and the controller's wife directed all her attention to the unhappy Miss Ellen St. Clyde.

“ But what is to be done ? ” said Levingstone. “ Why, sir,” said the minister, “ we have made every enquiry.” “ Have you searched the woods on each side the loch, Mr. Thornhill ? ” “ We have not ; but we shall do it.” It was now past seven o'clock of a dark winter evening : next morning the woods were to be searched ; and, in addition to this, Villejuive insisted on dragging each of the lochs without delay : Levingstone insisted they should search the lochs afterwards : Villejuive now

thought, if their margin were traversed it might be all that would be necessary ; as, if there were no traces to be found on the water's lip, of the laird's having thrown himself into the loch, it would be unnecessary to drag them all over.

Messengers are every where sent, the alarm bell was rung : all the people, the farmers and their cotters for miles around, were seen hastening to St. Clyde's, some without their coats, others without their bonnets, some on horseback ; and the poor women who would not leave their infant babes at home, flew to the laird's with them under their arms.

The minister accompanied by Levingstone, and the dominie accompanied by Villejuive, took a wood each, attended by more than forty followers.

They entered the wood at one end, and passed through its almost im-

penetrable bushes man by man, within a yard of each other. When they got to the farther end of these woods, they returned again on a fresh piece of their surface, and in this way, through swamps and through burns, over difficult and almost inaccessible crags and rocks, amidst knots of furze, and jungles of holly bushes; every part was traversed: there was fortunately not any snow on the ground; though some had fallen, there had been three days successive rain, and it was well nigh all washed away.

There were two lochs which nature had placed in one right line with each other; but by the sportive mode in which she scooped out their beds, and chose their position, one of them was on a plane many yards above the other; and there were boats on those, but the sailors from the town brought three boats more for each loch, and the whole of

the sinuous shore of each was crowded with people, wherever the absence of bushes allowed them to get to the water's edge. Nets and drag lines were used for three days, but without success; and all hopes of finding the body in these lochs were consequently abandoned. But there was another loch, the ends of which were flanked by two of the chief roads in the island, and some hopes were entertained of meeting with the corpse in it: boats soon floated on the bosom of this loch; but two days search proved here as unsuccessful as on the others.

CHAPTER III.

Confusion now hath done his master piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE reports to which the sudden disappearance of the Laird St. Clyde gave rise, were as various as were the groups that assembled from the Garroch Head to Ettrick Bay; some conjecturing the laird had gone to the Cumbras, others that he had gone to Fairly, others that he had gone with Stuart's cutter to Skipness or Dinoon, and others could not believe but that he had been murdered and buried in the woods, or sunk in the middle of one of the lochs.

All that could with certainty be

learnt, was, that he had taken his stick in his hand in the forenoon, and gone to the town. An old man, Donald Orr, who went through the country, and bought up hens and eggs to sell again, had seen the laird about two o'clock that day, on the road between the lochs. There was not any one of the numerous bands that went in search of the laird that could accuse himself, or even start a suspicion, touching who should be the murderer.

There had been no strangers seen in that part of the island, except Peter Lerwick, the travelling chapman. Donald Orr had seen this man that day in the direction St. Clyde had taken; and Alexander Mactaggart was sure that Adam Skirrie, the drover, left his house that morning, to cross the country to Ettrick bay.

Mactaggart recollected very well to have heard Skirrie speak disre-

spectfully of the laird. Poor Mac-taggart forgot now all his own disrespect to the Laird St. Clyde ; he had never done any thing ill to him, “ save and except that he could not spare Sandy to run over with the laird’s letters ;” and there were many who knew that Lerwick owed the laird a grudge, for having obliged him to take out a licence to deal, besides having put him into the town jail, when caught with Jamie Calnacardock brewing whisky in Woodmore. These two were the objects of general suspicion, the pedler and the drover ; but which to arrest was the difficulty.

A council was held at the minister’s house. Levingstone, Lord Bute’s factor, the minister, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the comptroller, and Ilan Dou, the baillie, sat in council : hundreds crowded around the house ; there were many thousand persons on

the island, though not all in the same degree interested in the laird's fate. Every person that could in any way throw light, even on suspicion, was patiently heard; and, accordingly, warrants were issued to apprehend Lerwick and Skirrie; but Mr. Ilan Dou would not part with the warrants till all the island was searched.

Roderick Macpherson was willing to make oath, that three days after the laird was missing, he saw him glide by his side like a weaver's shuttle; but Macpherson was "sae elrich wi' goustie thought" at the sight, that he could not speak, for he "ken'd the laird could na' gae past him without moving baith lith and limb, but the mer-man fled by his een like the levin."

Parties of men went to all the little hamlets on the isle; to Kames; to Ettrick Bay; through every place, in short, where there might be any hope

of hearing any tidings of the lost laird. At Ettrick Bay was a smuggler lying; and it was thought by the people there, that Lerwick had gone with the smugglers to Lamlash.

Lieut. Stuart's cutter was now returned from the Cumbra Isles, and he went instantly to Lamlash; with the Baillie's orders that, if he met with Lerwick any where, to secure him.

There were three smugglers at Lamlash, but not one of them was taken; and it was learned there that it was not Lerwick, but a Manks man, who assumed the guise of a pedler to sell tobacco, salt, and spirits, and give the smugglers notice where to land them that had come to Lamlash.

There was a part of the upper loch we have already mentioned, which was flanked by blocks of rocks cast in giant mould, and on one narrow space of the cliff was a descent, fair hewn by no

mortal hand, to a wondrous pavement that stretched far beneath the dolesome deep, and these steps were called Scott's stair. On the summits of this gigantic crag was an irregular footpath, which the sheep traversed oftener than did human foot.

A fortnight passed away in many fruitless attempts to find the lost laird, when Donald Orr, coming one morning along the summits of these rocks, saw something floating on a part of the loch that was not frozen, but at a greater distance from Michael Scott's stair than he could reach with his stick ; and being now very old and frail, he could not get into the water as he was wont in his younger days, and bring it out, even if the loch had been of immeasurable depth ; and his suspicions being roused by observing some corbies hovering o'er this floating matter, the old man hied away

to the first cotter's house of the baron of Ambrisbeg's people, and brought them to the loch; and, contrary to the usual custom of Scottish youngsters, who are very superstitious on such occasions, one of the boys, who was an excellent swimmer, did not give his father time to get ropes and poles to the spot to drag it on the steps.

The little fellow had his coat, waistcoat, and hat off in an instant, and plunged into the water with the most undaunted spirit and swam to the object. Raising both his hands, he supported his perpendicular position in the water by that motion of the legs which is called treading: he examined; "It's himself! it's the laird! Mither, it's St. Clyde!"—and, dropping horizontally again on his bosom into the water, with one hand he seized the cape of the drowned man's coat, and

rowed himself, with the other, towing the corpse till he came to Michael Scott's stairs.

The horror of the spectators was indescribable. The corpse had not floated till its substances began to dissolve, and putrefaction had begun her mangled feast.

Old Donald Orr narrowly looked at the Laird St. Clyde's head and neck, and discovered a piece of very stout whipcord sunk far below the surface of the neck: nobody would touch this cord.

The body was decently laid on a clean sheet, which the boy who brought it ashore had by this time "brought from his mither's kist."

The father, the boy, and two little girls, went, one to the minister, another to his lordship's agent, and a third to the magistrate's in the town, and the fourth to St. Clyde's.

It was the father, who went to the house of woe.

Levingstone, the minister, the factor, and the baillie Ilan Dou, arrived about the same time ; and there was a cart on the shore, to convey away the mutilated corpse. There was no coroner's inquest held on the body. *There is not a coroner in all Scotland.* But before the corpse was stirred, the doctor had come, and he removed the cord from St. Clyde's neck : this cord the baillie, throwing the snuff out of his box, carefully put into it ; and " the box he had received many years before from the man whom its present contents had strangled."

There were no marks of violence could be discovered on the body, except on one knee ; and the putrid state that limb was in, did not justify the skilful doctor giving an opinion : the cord was enough. The corpse was

wrapped up in the sheet, and put into the cart, and carried to the house which it once called its own. There was now no doubt that St. Clyde met his death by foul play ; and the warrants were given to the sheriff's officers, to be executed without delay.

CHAPTER IV.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds: the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever."

STERNE.

THE corpse arrived at the house of St. Clyde; and by this time the neighbouring people were tumultuously assembled, vowing vengeance on the perpetrator of the horrid crime. A tradition had obtained amongst them from time immemorial, that if the murderer but touched the corpse he had destroyed, blood would be seen on the body of the corpse, and likewise on the murderer's finger: the people urged this to be the test of guilt.

The dominie and the minister de-

clared this was all superstition ; but the people, conscious in the strength of their innocence, would not be put off by any attempts on the *learned folks'* part, to scout what all their grandfathers told them had happened in their great grandfathers' days.

The body was taken into the house ; and the crowd with difficulty ceased to persist in the application of their great-grandfathers' talisman. Levingstone's heart was wrung to its innermost core, with grief and sorrow at the distress of this family ; but he did not give way to to their external signs, as Ellen St. Clyde, perfectly miserable and inconsolable, needed all the soothing care and tender sympathy which could be bestowed, and Levingstone was very peculiarly fitted to bind up the broken-hearted, and minister comfort to the afflicted. His mind, untainted by the slavish passions which estrange man

from man, and teach dissolute youth to be more attentive to the extravagances of a wasteful mistress, than to her to whom Nature points her finger, and says, “ Foolish youth, this virtuous lovely girl is of the same blood as thy affectionate friend, and, willing to show a pleasing variety in my works, I have condescended to have the matter whereof she was formed, pass twice through my hands, in order to soften and dulcify her temper, and meliorate her composition even to mellifluence; besides these pre-eminent qualities, she merits as much thy esteem and time, as she is allied to thee by misfortune and misery.

“ She on whom, with lavish hand and thoughtless, guilty, lustful heart, the dissolute bestows all his wealth, is a viper; take her not into thy bosom; the remembrance of her will sting thee

with remorse, and the thoughts of her prodigality and ingratitude will haunt thy miserable old age, down to the silent tomb. Go to Ellen St. Clyde, and embrace her as the sister of thy friend Colin; love her as thou lovest the soul of her brother, and suffer the afflictions into which this family catastrophe has plunged her, to bind her yet closer to thy bosom."

The eldest Miss St. Clyde just expired as the corpse of her father was brought into the house; and the mother was beginning to be roused from her stupor and insensibility, by the final paroxysms of the most awful, sudden, and destructive madness that ever mortal had been visited with, when somebody had attempted to tell her that "St. Clyde's body was found in Ambrisbeg loch, a cord tied very fastly round his neck, and that there was no

doubt remaining, but that somebody had strangled him, and cast his body into the loch.”

The poor maniac mother, by an effort with which the strength of her disease alone could furnish her, threw herself from the bed, half out of the chamber door, and instantly expired!

The scene this house presented to the view of Levingstone and the minister, was intrinsically awful. The surviving Miss St. Clyde could bear up against this dreadful shock no longer; and if piety, disinterested kindness, and numerous and officious comforters could, in this trying hour, tie up the bonds of affliction in their own bosom to relieve this distracted young lady, there were not wanting the generous sympathetic heart, and the consolations of heaven-born piety, to be fettered in those bonds.

The magistrate, the doctor, and the comptroller, now took upon themselves the entire charge of the obsequies of the dead; and the minister was requested to comfort the oppressed and afflicted Ellen, whom this calamity had made as a bruised reed.

The task of those who had to do only with the dead was easy; that of him who was appointed guardian, father, and comforter of the distressed living, was far more arduous.

Miss St. Clyde was confined to her bed; she had not strength left to be at times on foot. And to see Levingstone enter the rooms where her father's and her mother's and her sister's corpses were stretched on bed, was a picture one might ask the youth to visit, who sleeps three nights in a week from beneath his father's roof; and to those whose compass to the haven of ease

and comfort is self-love, one might recommend the unbroken sorrow of the surrounding peasantry.

The sight reflected honour on their common nature; their common sympathy was a libel on the dissembling friendship of a falsely refined life: nothing ever perhaps came up to their grief; and the death of the first-born of every family in a polished city could not have equalled it. It was a week's holidays to the queen of sadness; and she revelled in all the profusion of the miseries, and sufferings, and sorrows of the human heart.

The poorest cotter, the youth and the virgin, the little boy and his tender little sister, the grey-haired man and his grave-verging wife, felt her tyranny.

Now the funeral was to take place. A husband murdered! a wife who had died from madness occasioned by his tragic end! a daughter who had never

spoken or stirred from the moment her father was missing, and she recollected his dream!—these were the corpses which, in conjunction with friends of whom the golden age would have been proud, the distressed Ellen St. Clyde was to bury.

The people assembled from the distant skirts of the island; the whole ground as far as the eye could be thrown for the hills and woods, was covered with spectators. One general feeling penetrated every heart; sympathy and sorrow sat in keen and doleful majesty on every brow! The prospective ruin of a country might have gathered as many of its inhabitants in one undistinguished mass; but here there were no rebels to the strong and unadulterated tone of the human heart. All was sorrow! all was grief! Curiosity had not collected them; the catastrophe! it was this,

and this alone, combined with the far-famed goodness of the Laird St. Clyde, and his universally beloved wife and estimable daughter; it was the tragic death of those three universally known and valued characters! it was the pride of acknowledging the real worth of the very best of our species, that clasped its arms around the isle, and drew to the house of mourning the baron and the squire, the farmer and his cotter, the beggar and the stranger: and nobody came there that had not a tear to shed.

“By those that deepest feel, are ill expressed
The indistinctness of the suffering breast!
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one;
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe!”

Now the procession moved from the house; and from the house to the burial ground was four miles. Villejuive walked at the head of the Laird St. Clyde's

coffin; the minister of R—— was at the head of Mrs. St. Clyde's; and the Rev. Mr. Thornhill supported the head of Norah St. Clyde's coffin.

They were not cries the people around uttered; they were dismal yells: they seemed all to be going to the judgement-seat! The torrent of grief with which the thronged road was covered, augmented as the prospect of closing its sources opened on the mourner's view.

The procession now traversed a fine plain, that had once been the field of a sanguinary battle; for the numerous tumuli in parallel lines, showed how lordly grim death had stalked through the contending armies; and the cemeteries that posterity opened, plainly told by the mingled bones, and spears, and shields, and helmets, how richly gay attired the heroes came to battle.

Now it arrived on the brow of a hill,

and the road to its bases skirted an immense mass of whin-stone rock, which from the remotest ages had been quarried out in the form of a huge parallelopipedon; and Echo here, since the memory of man, had built herself a palace; and, as the procession passed her gates, she came forth with her train to testify her grief for the death of St. Clyde, for his wife, and his daughter!

The bell, which, slung in the church's ivy-mantled tower, had tolled the knell for boasted heraldry, the pomp of power, the pride of beauty, and the rustic hind, with pealing grandeur welcomed from the precincts of the cheerful day to banquet in the mansion of the king of terrors, the Laird St. Clyde, his wife, and their daughter!

Now they arrived at the churchyard; it was walled around; but this wall, or rather whin-stone dyke, was

more for the purpose of keeping cows and half-starved horses from polluting the sacred relicts of the dead, than for defending these relicts from those infernal miscreants, who disturb and plunder the graves of the dead in great cities, to fatten from the price of the delicate body of an only and virtuous daughter, with the same appetite with which they glut their hellish jaws on the gains of the rotten carcase of a wretched prostitute, or a villain whose crimes were honoured with the gallows.

At this humble wall few obstacles opposed themselves to the crowd. The gate of the church resembled the gate of the valley of the shadow of death ! and the churchyard looked the morning of the last day ! and the vault can be best described by a reference to Blair's grave.

It was a fine opportunity for the worthy clergymen to point into it, and

then to heaven, and exhort their flock to follow the footsteps of HIM who should bid all the dead that lay dissolved to dust around them

“ Rise to judgment ! come away ! ”

There were more than forty youths without the churchyard with horses for their owners, who rode home in as sorrowful a mood as they came abroad; but the people who had come from distant places on the island, were seen gliding in different directions across the country to their peaceful ingles; and poor Sandy Glass, for the first time these many days, now got an opportunity of pulling off his hat to the minister and to Levingstone; and the semi-idiot wonder he on all other occasions seemed to show, was visible to all to be very much out of his looks. There was a keenness in his eye, a

thoughtfulness on his brow, and a steadiness in his gait, which as much disconcerted many of the people at the funeral, as if the most rational lad in the country had been reduced to idiotism in the same space of time. But some said he had only been getting his lesson from the fairies—

“Gin ye ca’ me *imp* or *elf*,
I rede ye weel look to yourself;
Gin ye ca’ me *fairy*,
I’ll work ye meikle tarry;
Gin gude *neiber* ye ca’ me,
Then gude *neiber* I will be;
But gin ye ca’ me *Seely Wight*,
I’ll be your friend baith day and night.”

They had now arrived at the late Laird St. Clyde’s, and every thought of every friend in that house was turned to find where consolations lay for Ellen.

But there was as yet no account received of the apprehension of the chapman and the drover.

In examining the papers and memo-

randa of St. Clyde's scrutoire, an anonymous paper was found containing,

“ Gif ye di in your bed, ye will
 di by me;
Gif I meet you on the shore, I will drown
 ye in the sea ;
Gif I meet ye in the wood, I will hang
 ye on a tree ;
Gif I meet ye at the loch, drowned sall
 ye be.”

This paper, which had evidently been long worn in the deceased's pocket, was not in the hand-writing of the drover ; every body knew his writing, and all were certain he would never employ another to be the amanuensis of this bloody document.

When Sandy Glass heard of the paper, he muttered to himself, but distinctly enough to be understood by those who were beside him—

“ Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they feel heat or cold,
Whether they be young or ald,
There is underneath the sun
But one that hath this murder done.”

CHAPTER V.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

SHAKSPEARE.

MONSIEUR Villejuive wished Miss Ellen would come and live at his house. This proposition the comptroller objected to, as Monsieur Villejuive was a widower ; and baillie Ilan Dou thought the best place Miss St. Clyde could be at, was the Rev. Mr. Thornhill's. At length Monsieur Villejuive with much reluctance, agreed to this ; but insisted that the minister would allow her to come occasionally to stay a few days

at his house. Every one said, "certainly; there was no intention to separate entirely the young lady from her uncle's house;" on the contrary, the minister thought nothing would tend more to exhilarate her spirits and save her from melancholy. But the estate of St. Clyde was mortgaged.

The tragic scenes this little isle had just witnessed were now spread from Duncansby Head to Cape Wrath and round by Blomel Sound; from the Butt of Lewis the report had been again wafted south to Barra Isle and Col, from Col to Tirree, from Tirree to Mull, from Mull to Colonsa, Jura, and Isla; Cantire and Arran had heard of it before; and the smugglers had spread it as far as to the Burrowhead, from whence it travelled across the country to Holy Island, and thence straight north to Peterhead.

The laird of St. Clyde's son never

heard of since he led on his men on the heights of Abraham, the laird murdered and cast into a loch, his wife and daughter's tragic deaths, needed not the aid of Mercury to spread the catastrophe. The winged son of Maia was content and pleased to see the Erinnyes, with grim and frightful aspect, clothed in their black and bloody garments, and serpents wreathing round their heads, announcing by their pursuit, with lighted torch and whip of scorpions, that they were sent from Pluto's throne, as the ministers of his vengeance, to inflict punishment on the guilty.

But it came to the ears of the pedler Lerwick that he was the object of their pursuit, and accordingly he hastened to baillie Ilan Dou, declaring his innocence. The drover also, even in Carrick Fergus, heard of a warrant being out against him, and he hastened to appear before the tribunal of justice, and very

satisfactorily proved an *alibi*; as the day on which the murder had been committed, he had rode straight to Et-trick Bay, but had come across the country to Kames, and from Kames he had gone to Cowal, and thence to Ireland, with the intention of bringing beasts for the southern markets. When the pedler's case came to be investigated, he could prove that he slept that night at the Garroch Head; and Monsieur Villejuive, who sat in council, insisted that Lerwick's proofs of an *alibi* in the afternoon of the eventful day had not been established. But there were some persons who said they could swear, if it were necessary, that "Peter Lerwick was in the south end of the isle lang afore the gloamin: the laird had gone out on the forenoon of the day he was missed. At or about two o'clock Donald Orr saw him on the road between the lochs; it was a short

December's day : at the gloamin Lerwick was in the south end of the isle." "Therefore the council would judge," said Monsieur Villejuive, "whether Peter Lerwick had done this bloody deed." And though he could not give proofs satisfactory enough to every mind, yet the cord corresponded with nothing in his pack, and nobody ever knew him to have dealt in fishing lines.

After many days investigation before the chief men of the island, he was acquitted, and was as busy in lamenting the death of the laird, and vowing vengeance on the murder, as other people.

His trade he resumed ; but his business fell off ; nobody would deal with him ; and Sandy Glass remarked that the pedler never passed the loch where the Laird St. Clyde was found.

Sandy was every where on the island in one week ; for he was a tall, well-

made, stout lad ; and though the most marked indications of silliness were, from his very childhood, visible in his face and actions and gait ; since the Laird St. Clyde's murder, as we have observed, he became undaunted and resolute, talked little, and

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ! ” —

this was Glass's work ; lone, pensive, strangely altered in his outward mien, from all attention Sandy stood not quite exempt ; and when

“ He shunned nor sought, but coldly passed them by, ’
people attributed his look of grief, and want of gesture wild, to the death of his good friend the Laird St. Clyde.

The pedler was often met by Glass, and showed strange looks that “ daft Sandy ” should always be in those bye-

roads he took, in crossing muirs and morasses, the woods and glens, which in the way of his trade he had for five years travelled.

The close of the former year, and the beginning of the one at which our history is now arrived, were very sorrowful to the people of that part of the island where these scenes are laid; even their new cloaths had not been made for the new year, when the tailors, all around the country, were summoned to many of the wealthy houses to make mournings and blacks.

The good minister himself came to perceive that Sandy might yet become useful to some of the farmers, since he showed a willingness to do odd jobs, to which, formerly, he could not be induced to put his hand, for love nor reward. But it was only to the minister, and Ellen St. Clyde, that Glass gave indications of usefulness to society.

But the sand glass was missed from the parish school-house, and nobody could tell where it had been carried to; every boy denied all knowledge of the theft, and the dominie could charge none of them with any thing of this nature before; but it was recollected by one of the boys, that the back windows of the school-house were not fastened on the inside, and on examining the snow in the kail-yard, the prints of a man's feet were very distinctly seen, and traced to the window opposite to the dominie's own desk; and on a more minute investigation, the rough cast on the outer wall was perceived to have been scratched and rubbed off, as if by the toes of a man's shoes, or some stick with which he got up to the window: it being at least four feet from the ground without.

The laird killed ! the school robbed !
and neither murderer nor robber found

out! these were the universal topics of conversation every long winter's night, at every ingle in the isle. But there was no clue to lead to the discovery of either the one or the other. The parents of the boys at school were as much interested in searching for the thief of the hour-glass, as was the school-master, Mr. Maclean; and they were prompted to this by the hope that their children being found guiltless, there might be some other measures taken to discover the thief, who every one fancied was also the murderer.

But there were no strangers on the isle, at least none in that quarter; and the beggars were all too well known for tried probity to be suspected. In fact, the beggars on this isle in the ocean were her own offspring, now grown old and infirm, or those who, when in the meridian of their wealth, never knew what it was to live above

the condition of a cotter or farmer's servant ; and the poor old maimed soldier was a kind of honorary beggar in Rothsay ; from which, for a month before and after new-years' day, he never departed, since the town's folks in their usual mirth and glee gave the disabled Archy Rankin plenty of food, some old cloths, and on *hogmanay* he generally gathered from thirty to forty shillings, to buy snuff and tobacco for the rest of the year.

His tailor never sent in his bill, from one year to another ; his shoemaker expected to be discharged his bill when the " Sermon on the mount " received its application ; and those who fed and lodged Archy Rankin in the spring and the summer, in the autumn and the winter, thought " it was very hard, if the eagle of the rock was sheltered from the weather, and lived on their lambs, a poor *auld soger* should lie in

the stack yard; they did not know what their *ain bairns* might come to, nor to whom, if going to the wars, they might be indebted."

On a certain day, as the pedler came through the most dreary part of Wood-More, where was a narrow pathway that skirted the lip of Lady Maisry's burn; and where even noonday looked like the gloamin of a winter's evening, there met him a spectre in the very dress of the Laird St. Clyde, having a rope round his neck, and a sand-glass in his hand. The pedler flew away from the wood, and never stopped till he got to Mactaggart's the change-keeper's house, which was his general rendezvous. The fright into which he was thrown brought on a fever; and every body hoped that the pedler, if he was guilty, as he was now given up by the doctor, would confess something: confession made he none,

even though the minister attended him.

When Lerwick, the pedler, had recovered, he was going one very gloomy night, in the dead watch and midnight too, along with two other men between the lochs, in the upper one of which St. Clyde's corpse had been found; and just as they approached a jungle of furze that skirted a clump of bushes, lying between the travellers and Ambrisbeg loch, on a sudden, there was visibly seen to emerge from between the jungle of furze and the thicket of hazle bushes, a figure, whom both the men that were with the pedler, would have sworn was old St. Clyde, had he not been both dead and buried.

The spectre approached them with a firm step and upright gait; holding in his right hand an hour glass, and having a rope round its neck. The pedler and the men stopt short; the ghost

also halted; their hair stood on end, like quills on the back of a porcupine; and as the spectre yet approached in slow and stately gait, they saw it plainly with oppressed and fear-surprised eyes, and their frames were “distilled almost to jelly by the act of fear;” all three stood dumb and spoke not to it; and now the spectre stopt again, and “did address itself to motion,” and spoke thus:

The days o’ the man that killed the laird,
Are by Heaven a while yet spared;
But sure as the sand o’ this glass runs out,
He’ll be hang’d on a tree, be his heart e’er sae stout.

In an instant the spectre stalked close by their sides on the road, and went down the side of the loch, and then up the pathway that led to Michael Scott’s stair; for one of the two men who was with Lerwick had presence of mind enough to follow it with his eyes’ keenest gaze, though he could give no tongue to questions many

crowding on his mind, before it shrank with hasty step away, and vanished from his sight. But when it was gone, they wondered much that none of them spoke; and now there was no doubt but the ghost of St. Clyde would never rest till the murderer was found out.

And though the pedler kept its first appearance to himself a secret, he joined now the other two in relating the hideous apparition they had seen between the lochs, and how “they swat at every pore, sweat as cauld as a December’s rain.”

Yet, though all the people in the neighbourhood of the loch had been out late, and though several had passed that way at midnight, and though parties of stout-hearted young men went and traversed that road and all about the loch at midnight, this spectre could never again be seen;—but the words it spake were well remembered by the

man who had courage enough to follow its steps till he lost it at Michael's stair, and every little child could repeat these words as readily as its own name.

What puzzled even the knowing ones was the account of the hour-glass. Every one knew the dominie's hour-glass had been missing, and no one would believe that ghosts were ever known to steal. Even the dominie, who had undertaken to detect the sophism by which Zeno pretended to prove, that the swift-footed Achilles could never overtake a tortoise, if they set out together, and the tortoise were at first at any distance before Achilles, could neither detect the thief nor the murderer; nor believe that it was mortal hand that held before the eyes of three credible men, an hour glass, the sand of which was diminishing in the ratio of its neck to the weight of the sand that had to pass through that neck.

The minister, in a few days after this strange sight, was honoured by a visit of Sandy Glass, who came to the gate of the manse with a bundle under his arm, and wanted to see the minister. The minister was in his study preparing his sermon for the next Sunday; but Sandy had something to say to "his minister that na'body might ken but himsell."

The servant went and told the minister.

"Let him come in here, Betsy," was the answer.

Sandy enters the study, and makes the minister many apologies for disturbing "the servant o' his Saviour when he was preparing the bread o' life for them. But he could na rest a' last night, and he came the day to tell the truth."

Sandy was bidden to sit down, and thus he began: "The young lady El-

len, Heaven keep her frae the death her father dee'd, gae me some o' the auld laird's clais. Poor Sauney Glass is just as wise as the Lord made him ; but he kens mair than folks thinks o' ; and the death o' the guid laird, his guid friend, gae him unco muckle trouble, and he hoppit the reekless murderer wad be found out ; he thought the finger o' God wad yet be pointed at whaever whippet a string round the neck o' the poor laird ; and so he did a' he could to find out the murderer as weel as ither bodies, and he thought he had maist done it ; but gif the minister did na' tak tent, they micht nae get him mony a day yet."

And Sandy went on to say, that he had told nobody of his plan to detect the murderer. He related in a long speech how much he had travelled over the island to watch the "gaits" of one man ; and that it was from this man's

always attempting to avoid him, and turning from him with an angry look ; but Sandy carried a good “jocktileg ” with him, and if that man attempted to “ put hand to him, he would stick him as fast as he would a wild cat ;” but as he never spoke to Sandy but in an angry tone, and reproached him for being an idle, wandering, lazy, daft, begging *loon*, Sandy knew words would never do him any harm ; “ and for a’ that ” he had not desisted to be on every road and in every wood and glen where he thought that man might be met ; and he concluded by telling how that, as his mother had gone to the young laird’s that day, though she had left him in charge of the house, he had come to the manse with that bundle, and to tell the minister what he had been doing with what was in it.

The minister looked at him with the most fixed attention during his dis-

course, and when he stopped, as if to have a pledge of secrecy from the good man, Mr. Thornhill strictly questioned him on whom his suspicions fell, and if he had entertained them long.

“Ever sine that dustie fute, Lerwick, was ill at Mr. Mactaggart’s house.”

“How came you, Sandy, to suspect Lerwick?”

“Gif ye’ll nae be frichtet to see the auld laird again wi’ the school-house hour-glass i’ his haund, I’ll baith tell ye and shew ye how I hae my thoughts.” The minister assured him, lifting up a Bible, that with that book for his guide to “another and a better world,” he would not be afraid to meet even Satan in the darkest night.

Sandy joined the good man in expressing his strength of mind in not fearing the *deel*; “for Sandy Glass had ne’er done ill, but killed once a neibour’s hen, and he ken’d how Christ gart the

deel gang away frae him, and Sandy Glass thought if he had ony faith at a', the deel himsell and the fairies wham he ance feared mair than the *deel*, could na do him any skaith; and gif the minister wad like to see the auld laird in his ain clais, Sandy Glass ken'd whare he was to be seen."

"Did I not tell you, Sandy, I am free of all fear on that score: come, tell me what you know immediately." Sandy now began to untie his bundle; and the first thing that offered itself to the minister's eyes, was the dominie's sand-glass.

"And you were the Ghost, Sandy? Well, you have a stout heart; there are wise men in the island that would not try such tricks."

"Did na' ye say ye wad be quiet till I brought before your een the laird?"

"Yes, I did, Sandy: dress yourself."

Sandy dressed; then taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he rubbed it

on the palm of his hand ; and taking a small piece of a broken mirror from another pocket, he applied his chalked hand to his face, till he saw his visage of the tint he wished. Then putting the rope round his neck, and taking up the sand-glass in his hand, he stepped into the middle of the room, and standing perfectly upright, said,

“ This is the way I stood before Lerwick at Lady Maisry’s burn i’ Woodmore, and sae frightened the chapman that he took the fever, an gif he were as free o’ bluid as Sauney Glass, he wad na’ hae been ill at the sight ; and gif he ware na’ art an part in the bluidy work, he wad hae told us a’ how he was frightet into a sick-bed for mair than twa weeks an a half ; but he got the better o’ his illness : gif he throtled the laird and sine cast him into the loch, the finger o’ the Lord will point to Lerwick ; and this is the vera way I gaed out that

night after my mither gaed to bed, a wee bittie ahint the gloamin; for I ken'd Lerwick and twa men oure the muir, ware gaen to gang by the loch end that night, and I thought, gif the pack-man cam that way, I wad gi' him an' them an unco fright, an aiblins mak out something anent the murdered laird: and though poor Sawney Glass was ne'er at school, but just now and then gat a lesson frae the young laird that's now dead an awa; (he did na ken how he cam to speak as he did, for he didna think o' mincing ae word till it a' cam out, he didna ken how;) and though my mither ken'd how I gat some o'the laird's auld clais, she didna ken, na, na, she didna ken how I kip-pit ane o'the suits i'the mickle kist i'the spence; an' she ne'er gaes but at times to that kist i'the spence; an sae ye see I didna tell her aught about it at a'; and the hour-glass I hidet in the

peat stack, at the end o' the house; an' this night I'se put it whare I tuke it frae; an gif ye think there is aught ill in a' I hae done, I'm unco wae for't; an' I did nae tak the hour-glass to steal it, but just for the gaistly wark ye hae seen."

The minister assured Sandy he had committed no sin for which he would be punished, since he took the glass for the purpose he had mentioned; but Mr. Thornhill would not let Sandy undress nor leave the room, till the dominie, and Levingstone, and Villejuive should arrive, and he sent for them instantly; and nobody was allowed to enter the room till they came, and saw the spectre, and heard his tale at even greater length, but, if possible, more circumstantially, than when he delivered it to the minister alone.

Minutes of this disclosure were taken by the dominie and the minister, in the

presence of Levingstone and Villejuive, acting as a magistrate *sui generis*; and Sandy was sent home, with strict injunctions not to tell any one what he had done, or what he had told at the manse; or what the minister and Mon. Villejuive had done. The men whom Glass left in council now deliberated what was best to be done, and having resolved on a plan of future action in this business, they went home, leaving the minister the task of finishing his sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

I'll not the secret pathway tell,
That leads to thy sequestered scene ;
Where virtue loves with thee to dwell,
Remote, unseeing and unseen:
Where resignation takes her stand,
Prompt to perform her friendly part :
And gathers with a trembling hand
The fragments of a broken heart.

FLOWERS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

WHEN Levingstone found that Ellen had become a little resigned to the loss of her father, though we have not yet touched upon it, weightier matter then propelling us along with the inquisitive, the mourner, and the parentless ; he wrote Mr. Stuart an account of what had happened in Bute to the family of St. Clyde, and he requested him to communicate to Eliza the par-

ticulars of the tragic scene. The grief of Mr. Stuart and his daughter was great; the language of Eliza was indicative of genuine affection for Ellen, and she could not resist the full tide of her grief; but showed, in hearing the final account of Ellen's sufferings, that she sympathized with a feeling that had no fellow.

Eliza was very much gratified to hear how Levingstone had discharged the duties of a friend, nay of a son; but she was peculiarly pleased to hear the whole burst of his soul meet the comfortless condition of Ellen. Indeed she was to Eliza an object of even more interest than Colin had been; but she was her lost Colin's sister, and that was enough to make her partake of Ellen St. Clyde's grief. And though no forms nor modes denoted it alike to all, it swelled her tortured soul. "Time would soften the asperity of Ellen's

loss, but it would not efface the distinctness of the impression of the tragic scene from this parentless girl's mind : the rights of nature are imperious ; the crowning mercy was sealed in full assurance on Ellen St. Clyde's mind ; this would be her strong consolation ; the hand of friendship would try to dry up the big drop from her eyes."

It was in this way the tender-hearted Eliza reasoned with herself : she could even have written Ellen, but she could not venture so far ; it was a false etiquette that prevented her. However, her father wrote to Levingstone, and omitted not to mention how much his daughter was afflicted by the awful catastrophe ; and the name of Eliza formed to Ellen's fine mind, when Levingstone read the letter, the strongest picture of what she would have been in a cottage, were she the daughter of the toil-worn *cotter*, collecting to her

father's lonely cot, the spades, the mattocks, and the hoes, with which he brought his weekly *moil* to honest end.

“ O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O cheerful raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
And sweetest cordial in this melancholy vale.”

And Levingstone soothed the feelings of Eliza, by writing Mr. Stuart some very pathetic letters on resignation to the mysterious ways of Heaven, and exhorted him to bend his whole attention to his forlorn daughter, for poor Eliza was as unhappy as misery could make her.

But though the lovely and estimable Eliza had accidentally visited our thoughts, we shall detain her no longer ; but shall now accompany the worthy minister, the dominie, and Levingstone, in endeavouring to bring to conviction and punishment, the wretch in human form, that bore a heart so cruel as to

imbrue his hands in the blood of one of the best of men.

The pedler, Lerwick, did not cease to frequent the island; and a fresh warrant was issued to apprehend him on the minister, the dominie, and Levingstone's testimony of Sandy Glass's tale; and he was apprehended; but he still denied all knowledge of the transaction, and appealed to his former proofs of innocence by an *alibi*.

But Sandy Glass insisted on being heard in Lerwick's presence, and on being allowed to come into his presence, too, in the dress of the laird with his rope and hour-glass. There was no method of satisfying Sandy that this was not necessary: he maintained that if Lerwick was innocent, his colour would not change, but if he was guilty, he would turn as pale "as Sandy Glass's chalked face." His

request was complied with; and sure enough, the poor pedler, at the sight of the spectre that had twice frightened him, became quite ghastly; and when Sandy questioned him, "why he ran awa frae him at my Lady Maisry's burn; and why, when he was sae ill, and sae near dying, and when he got better, he did na tell ony ane o' seeing the ghost of the laird at the burn side;" the pedler tried to evade Sandy, and endeavoured to quash his accusation by saying he had only seen him playing the ghost at the loch. The imputation of falsehood the poor semi-ideot could not brook, but appealed to all the island, if he had ever told a lie in his life; and Sandy could prove that he was met going into the wood the very day on which he first appeared to Lerwick.

This proof was demanded, and it was produced and established; but as

it was only the testimony of some of the school boys, their oaths (they being under age for knowing the nature of an oath) could not be taken in a court of justice; yet, since the dominie and the baillie questioned the boys about Glass's report, even before they knew the pedler was in custody, and finding their account and Sandy Glass's to agree perfectly, the pedler was sent to Rothsay jail under a strong escort of twelve men, who volunteered to conduct him thither.

Now the scheme of Glass to detect the murderer was flying through all the island, and it was allowed by the gray-headed man, the youth, and the child, to be the "cunningest trap to catch the birkie ony body ken'd."

Sandy was no longer the derision of the child, and the pity of the aged; he now became an object of curiosity: and when in the dark nights the boys were

going home, Sandy was applied to for his protection "frae the deil and the witches," and to Sandy the aged looked as to a warlock.

But there were many who thought that "the deil wanted Lerwick's *saul and body*, for putting it into his head to kill the laird; and auld *Horney* wad na' bide a month langer, till he gat him frae the gallows tree, to his dark unbottomed, boundless pit, fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane."

But Lerwick escaped from the jail by digging up the pavement of the cell he was in, close by the front window, and made his exit underneath the foundation of the house into the street.

There was in those days no sentinel on that jail placed; the jailor lived not near the jail. It was generally believed, from the manner he got out, that, favoured with a long February's night,

and the assistance of some friend, who dug up the ground without the prison, he effected his escape with both a pick and a shovel: yet none of those implements could be found, and it was even more mysterious to conjecture by whom he had been assisted; but his escape gave the presumptive evidence and plan of Sandy Glass double force; and the conjecture that somebody assisted him in escaping, gave a general belief throughout all the island, that the laird met his death by more hands than two.

Levingstone's time was rather circumscribed at this season of the year, and he prepared to leave the island, and return by his father's to Edinburgh.

The parting morning came, and all Mr. Thornhill's family, amongst whom we include Ellen St. Clyde, took an affectionate and tender leave of Levingstone.

But what was Levingstone's surprize,

when coming to the ferry, in a very sequestered lane, Glass, having taken off his hat to them, seemed desirous of speaking to Levingstone alone. The minister, who knew much more of Glass's character than Antony, begged he would walk his horse, or dismount and converse with the poor lad; it would please Sandy, and his report of Mr. Levingstone's attention would not be to the discredit of his name when he was gone.

Levingstone dismounted, and Sandy began to tell him a long story on the light in which the people of the island viewed Mon. Villejuive's taking the evidence of Lerwick's *alibi*; and hinted in concluding, that himself had strong suspicions, that "the Tranent man was nae better, than mony a guid trusty, leal man, wha had to flee oore the water to Charlie." Levingstone heard all, and was about to remount his horse,

when Glass took from his pocket a letter which he said Captain Whiggans had given him that morning.

Levingstone opened the letter, and read as follows :

“ Sir,

You will excuse this freedom from a stranger; though my present profession be none of the best, it does not prevent me from bearing the heart of a human being. I was once in better circumstances; my education was of a superior kind; but I am an undone man. I am not undone though as respects cash, and if I can be of any service to Miss St. Clyde, whom I once saw when a child, at her late father's house, most cheerfully will I be at her service with my purse. And if there has been an accomplice with Lerwick, to the death of her father, I and my people will perhaps find him out. I have only to beg, if you wish to get

hold of Lerwick again, that you will not leave the ferry to-day. I dare not be seen by the minister, though I wish the good man well; and Glass will therefore go to the ferry with you, and bring to my hiding-place any answer you may think proper to write to this letter. And if you are desirous of seeing me, you may come without fear along with Glass to my retreat. Destroy this letter, for it comes from

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

“WHIGGANS.”

“Whiggans, who is he, Glass? I never heard of him before.”

“Ane that kens mair than me, the which he’ll tell yoursel, and gif ye’ll gi’ me ony thing to tell him anent what the paper speaks to ye, I’se tell him.”

As the minister was a good way in advance, he did not see the letter in the

hands of Levingstone ; and when they came to the ferry, he wrote to Whiggans, thanking him for his generous offer, and accepted the disinterested man's assistance ; and said he would make some excuse for his not going off that day ; and whenever Glass returned, he would be able to accompany him ; and the letter of Whiggans had been destroyed.

Glass received the letter ; but though asked by Levingstone where Whiggans was, the faithful *midge's page* would not disclose the retreat of his employer : and Levingstone having received Mr. Thornhill's blessing, was about to embark, and cross the ferry to the Largs, when he began to lament " he had not paid some visits he intended to have made in the north-east corner of the island ; and as there was no absolute necessity for his going off that day, he would rather, if the minister had no objection,

stay for a couple of days more, and leave the island with the good opinion of all. He feared that to have bid one good-bye and to have neglected the same courtesy to another, might be construed into partiality, and he would not have it so much as suspected that there was one more dear to him than another of all Ellen's friends, except herself and Mrs. Thornhill;" and the good minister very willingly agreed to Levingstone's wishes, saying "If you *wish* to *stay*, it *must* be so, and we shall be happy of your company."

Glass had by this time arrived, and Levingstone left the minister under pretence of going to Rothsay, and Glass followed him.

Levingstone and his guide had not gone many furlongs on the road to Rothsay, when Glass advanced to him bowing; and, pointing to the wood-crowned rocks that reared their rugged

faces on the western side of the road,
“There, there, dinna ye see ae unco
wee puckle reik amang the whins?
Now, now, didna ye see the low? Its
the low o’ his ain pistol; there’s nane
gi’s the signal like the captain hi’sel.”

“How shall we get up to him, Glass?”

“This way, sir; the burn’s nae that
deep;” and he plunged into a stream,
leaving Levingstone to follow him.

The smuggler gained an audience of
Levingstone, and offered, with the assist-
ance of his men, “to catch the pedler if
he were in Bute, in Arran, or Cantyre;
but as he had come out of pure respect
to Ellen, and the memory of her father,
for the ruin that was brought on this
young lady’s house; and as the smug-
glers would not screen a cold-blooded
murderer any more than they would
not die in defence of their own pro-
perty; Whiggans urged Levingstone
to promise secrecy, if in the attempt

of finding the pedler they failed ; and indeed whether they failed or took him, none of Ellen's friends were to accompany Levingstone, for his life was perfectly safe, if he could trust his life in to the hands of Christian smugglers."

But Levingstone "must meet them that night at nine o'clock, on the brae above the Bishop's hill, in Rothsay; and if he had not a knife, and a dirk, and a pistol, there were dirks, and pistols, and cutlasses would be there; and if the pedler was that night where he had been this fortnight past, (but by what means he got his food nobody knew; the smugglers were sure somebody must have brought it to him,) there was no doubt Lerwick would be got hold of."

Levingstone promised secrecy, and leaving the bold outlaw, went home to the manse; and after dinner he pleaded absence during the evening, as he had an appointment in the town: his ex-

cuse to the minister was accepted, but Ellen wondered he could be going to town in the evening, but she hoped he would return in the morning; and the minister expressed a wish he would sleep at the baillie Ilan Dou's that night, if he staid all night in Rothsay.

The good minister secretly wondered how Levingstone was putting off his journey for another day; but the conduct of Levingstone silenced inquisitiveness; and Mr. Thornhill knew too well the feelings of a generous friend, to ask any further questions.

CHAPTER VII.

Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.

BYRON.

AT the appointed hour Levingstone was at the rendezvous, and was soon met by one of the smugglers, who strictly enquired if he were alone, and whether the captain's wishes had been complied with. Levingstone assured him he had not told the captain's plan to any one, and they might depend on it that there was nobody with him. The smuggler immediately took from his waistcoat pocket a boatswain's *call*, and piped very softly, but loud enough to make echo tell who were invited to this spot.

In a short time Levingstone found himself in the midst of eighteen men,

each of which had a powder-horn slung to his neck, and two brace of pistols stuck along with a dirk into his belt.

The captain of the smugglers took Levingstone by the hand, and taking off his hat, raised his eyes to the starry heavens, and prayed an imprecation on himself, his followers, and their mothers, and wives, and children, if one of his crew did aught that was bad to Levingstone; every man of the crew followed the captain's example, though none of them offered to pledge Levingstone by taking him by the hand.

They marched off from the Bishop's hill down the side of a stream, crossed again in an oblique direction the town to the castle, and arrived at what once formed the sole entrance to its sable towers; and when

“The embattled portal arch they passed,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,”

two sentinels were placed with strict orders to shoot Lerwick, if he came that way, and did not instantly surrender.

The castle which Levingstone had that night entered with these generous, disinterested men, though black enough in character when viewed as smugglers, was very old indeed. It was supposed to have been built before the days of the Bruce, for in his days there was a tower in it, called in the Gaelic tongue *The Prince's Tower*.

It had evidently in very remote times been a place of great strength; its walls were of immense thickness, and filled up solidly in some places; in other places they were divided internally into long galleries, and at about four feet and a half from the pavement, long and regular rows of loop-holes were cut out of the stone, for the purpose of discharging arrows.

In fact, in the sides where these gal-

leries were laid out, the wall could not measure less than fifteen feet in thickness; but the ruin of time and the mischief of man had made many communications from one gallery to another, independently of the stairs that anciently led the warriors from the ground gallery to that sixty feet above.

The whole building was not in the site of a square or rectangular figure, but compounded of right and curvilinear faces: that face which looked to the land was semicircular; that which looked to the sea was right-lined; but there was also on each angle of the right face, a flank which was also right-lined. The sea in ancient times had rolled her proud billows very near the foundation of the grand right front; but by those changes, which are perpetually taking place, in the gaining and losing of land, by the capriciousness of this unconquered element, it would re-

quire the weight of a ship of war's metal from the bay, to level this proud edifice with the dust. The space of ground it covered was immense; for when the spectator stood on the top of the grand dungeon, he might take and view the interior as a fine and nobly spacious amphitheatre, where in days of feudal splendour many a boar's head crowned the loaded board to the Prince and his army; and the moat that surrounded the whole building might have been once the wide and deep reservoir, where lordly swans and hobbling geese revelled in all the profusion and offal from the king's table.

The walls were covered with ivy, and there the merlin and the sparrow, the jack-daw and the marten, held their plumaged court.

“Towers, wood-girt, this castle
Far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens
O'er the turrets sail.”

Indeed the *bin-wood*, as 'twas called by the schoolboys, spread its creeping, fastening tendrils o'er almost every part of these walls, and on some places gave the huge mass of building the appearance of an immense bush of ivy preserved for future times.

The schoolboys in summers' days plundered the birds' nests among this bin-wood, scrambling along and clinging to the stalks of the ivy, and swung thus perpendicularly on both sides of these walls like so many monkeys. And if the reader add to the depredation of the town-boys, the death-work of the merlin and wild cats by day, and the slaughter of the gray owls by night, he may wonder how the feathered tribe held their *Seely Court* so long in the castle. What gave the whole a finely picturesque appearance from the bay, was the lofty line of rock, that with bold and storm-defying face de-

flected from the bishop's palace. The palace was an old building, some five hundred yards or more from the castle. The rock stretched round the bay, with almost uninterrupted substantiability, in the shape of the outer limb of a new moon or crescent for nearly two miles; and the bases of these rocks, being in many places scooped out into huge dens or caves, with the perpendicularly uprightness of the faces, gave the whole a grandeur befitting the rugged, wild remoteness of such scenes, far above the cit-born jobber's view.

This ancient stately castle, strangely and curiously vaulted underneath the ground, was venerable and romantic from being the seat of glorious deeds of arms in former times, when kings held their court there. It was terrible in more recent ages, from being the fastness of a very powerful banditti that infested the whole country round,

and the neighbouring isles; but it was more especially terrible from accounts which came down beyond the time of men then living, of the cave-lodged ghosts that were stationed there to guard from molestation the ashes of the dead (for there were a chapel and a burying-ground in this castle), and to teach the sacrilegious and profane that at night the castle was a place of sanctity; and every account of ghosts and hobgoblins haunting the Prince's tower, and never being from the murky vaults below the church-yard and the chapel, was never lessened by the smugglers' friends, but exaggerated by their representations, which, however, were only made to give the greater facilities to this illicit trade. Hence it was that the ingress to these vaults being only known and concealed by the smugglers and their friends, few were acquainted with more than the

King's kitchen, a vault dark, large, and damp. It was this castle the smugglers fixed upon as the abode of Lerwick,

“Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower.”

And we shall, in the sequel, see what success the pursuit of these fear-unknown men met with in searching and examining the secret and dark, gloomy and wet, lofty and intricate vaults and cells, galleries and passages, of the ruinous castle of Rothsay, for the murderer of the Laird St. Clyde.

Now the smugglers and Levingstone are arrived on the grassy carpet of the great amphitheatre within the castle, and the captain divides his men into three divisions. Two formed the advanced guard, six formed the central division, himself and Levingstone were the rear guard, and the others were

ordered to be on the look-out if Lerwick came from the entrance to the King's tower, or from the galleries or the vaults.

The pursuers first advanced down a descent that had once been a stair, but the demolishing hand of time had covered with the ruins every trace of steps. When the company got to the rugged bottom of the first vaults, "Here," said the captain, "halt, my lads!"

Their torches were taken out from behind their rough jackets, a light was procured from the flash of the pan of an empty pistol, which was instantly loaded again. Levingstone was inquisitive to know why all the men were armed; the captain soon satisfied his mind, by assuring him that, take Lerwick who would, he would be found resolute and armed, and would never surrender alive.

Through a narrow passage they ad-

vanced into another vault ; and as it was intersected by two canals of water, a plank was dug up in a corner of the vault, or rather a parcel of stones were removed and it was brought forth, since the depth and breadth of these pieces of water prevented the people from getting across dry-shod : but there was another reason ; the water was so filthy that not a man of the smugglers would put his foot into it. They now went into a very large vault that seemed to have been a very magnificent place in its prime.

The pillars which rose at different corners to form a fine species of Gothic arch, still bore the marks of much architectural design. There were in this vault also many niches of great depth, and every one of these was examined.

“ He is not here,” said the captain, “ else we should have had him.”

“My lads, let us go up to the King’s kitchen.”

They went from this vault to a very narrow passage, and entered, by a very gradual ascent of some thirty feet, to the King’s kitchen, but did not meet Lerwick here either.

“The fellow knows we are here,” said the captain, “and he hopes to escape, but he cannot. Macmillan and Leary, you go round and watch the lower window of the Black tower, whilst we go up it.”

The lads were off in an instant, and the others pursued their way, till they came to the stairs of the Black tower.

It was not an easy matter to ascend the tower. The stair was much decayed; in many places whole pieces of it were cut away; but the contrivance to overcome this difficulty was admirable.

From the wall grew a pretty stout tree; and as it at first grew out about

two feet horizontally, and then raised its top perpendicularly, a knee was formed; and over this, by means of a shot in a bag, was thrown a rope, with which every man swung himself up. The three stories of the tower were examined, but Lerwick was not there either.

“ Well,” said the captain, “ there are still the galleries and our own vault, my lads; and if we don’t find him in these, we know where to seek him.”

Two men were left at the tower in observation; and as the crew were now lessened by four, those who had been left in the Dungeon-yard, as this fine amphitheatre was called, were sent for, and a strict search of all the tiers of galleries was commenced; and when they had found their search fruitless in these galleries, where in ancient time every arrow that was drawn measured full a cloth-yard long; they examined

the top of the walls, still thinking Lerwick eluded their pursuit, since from the blaze of their torches he might easily know where to be safe.

When this also proved of no avail, "Levingstone," said the captain, "you are a gentleman; we are poor men, out-lawed, and have few friends except amongst others as desperate as ourselves; we will yet disclose to you a secret vault which none but Lerwick and ourselves know; if you are not already acquainted with the fact, five years ago this scoundrel Lerwick was of our party; but he killed a man on the coast of Ireland in cold blood, and we expelled him from our company, but not however before we made him swear on the Bible and the dirk too, that he would never reveal this vault, to which I think he has retreated, as he would never think that we would search it in your company. However

he is mistaken, if you promise secrecy and fidelity; and you must know further, that it has always been at Lerwick's peril to tell of us, or reveal this vault."

"Had he done so," cried the mate of this band, "we would have cut him in inches, and left his corpse where no human being should have found its pieces."

Levingstone assured Captain Whiggans that his fidelity and honour would remain unshaken; and the captain believed him, and instantly replied, "Then come along, Mr. Levingstone,"

"For what is death but parting breath?

On many a bloody plain

I've dared his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again."

Now they all descended; for by this time the men from the ruinous draw-bridge were called by the boatswain's whistle into the spacious vault so rich-

ly decked in days of yore with architectural finished column, capital and frieze; and, as nearly as Levingstone could guess, they were beneath the former one at least thirty feet; but even at this depth, the cold, dark, dreary vault was not so damp nor noisome as many a wretched cellar either in the Cowgate or Cripplegate. The castle was founded on a rock, and this spacious vault, Levingstone was told by Captain Whiggans, was cut out of the solid rock; there were flues that communicated to it from the wall of the castle, and allowed a circulation of air; and a very deep well in the centre of the floor collected all the water the rock might be disposed to allow to trickle on the floor, and the well was never full.

The entrance of this vault they arrived at, and there was no appearance of a large passage into it, the only opening

being by means of a hole in the wall of one of the niches, and which seemed not at first sight to communicate with any other place; but though a man might easily crawl into this hole, he could not go in erect, and two men abreast might as soon think of escaping through the eye of a needle. But Whiggans and his men soon removed three very large stones, and some of a smaller size, and made room enough for one man at a time to go in erect. Whiggans went foremost, and called Lerwick by name, and asked him, "What the devil he was doing there!"

No answer was returned; they searched the vault; no Lerwick was to be found.

"Well," said Whiggans, "if we don't get him here, we shall get him elsewhere, before the cock crows; you must be tired, Mr. Levingstone; we

have here plenty of biscuit, cheese, cold meat, and brandy and hollands.

One of the men took a torch, for every man did not have one, and went to a corner of the vault and brought a cag of brandy; another went to a recess in the vault, and brought from a small cask some good biscuit and cheese; a third brought a small cask of water; and there were stone-benches in the place, on which, as the clock struck twelve, all sat down to this subterraneous supper.

It was indeed the supper of banditti; there were three torches burning, besides a lamp, which, slung to three cross poles, was sufficient of itself, when lighted, to have served for beacon-fire to vessels floating on the savage surge; and Levingstone remarked, that, except their calling Whiggans, captain, and going off when he ordered, or

halting when he spoke, all the other seventeen men seemed to know and regard neither law, order, discipline, nor commander. They ate, drank, sung, and laughed, and told wondrous tales, or quizzed each other, just as the mood was on them. However, that night not one of them would get drunk, as all had resolved to have Lerwick brought to the gallows.

It was a picture Levingstone much wished to admire: Whiggans scarce ever smiled; he was indeed the man of loneliness and mystery, and none ever heard him sigh: his very name appalled all his crew. His swarthy cheek, with sallow line, his keen commanding eye, swayed the fiercest soul his crew could name; and he possessed that magic art, this lawless train confessed and envied, and at times opposed in vain. But not a man of his crew assumed his place, even though many of

them had that dark eye-brow which shaded many a glance of fire. They were all men of robust but not Herculean make; yet, though no giant frame set forth their common height, Levingstone saw in the look of each more than marked the crowd of ordinary men; and oft he asked himself what faith could bind them to each other, mould their minds to Whiggans's will, subject them to such wretched toils and perilous pursuits, in the most dangerous of which they never grumbled nor repined, accused not, hated not, but with smooth voice and prompt exertion went on to do their lawless trade. Levingstone was forced to view their desperate trade, all having cast their lot into one common scale, as a chain that linked them to each other, and crowned their daring deeds with linked success.

Strange as it may seem that these

men were not afraid of Lerwick making a disclosure of their secret places, they seemed to have no apprehensions that any thing he might say against them would be attended to.

They believed, and justly, that whatever he might say against them would only be what all the judges of the land knew ; and they were certain that for the sake of his brother, Lerwick would not reveal their hiding-places. His brother was at their mercy any night, and his brother knew well that Lerwick had killed the man in Ireland, and had for seven long years been as great a smuggler as themselves, though he had held all that time a situation of public trust.

The captain told his men they should now go to the cave. The spirits, &c. they had put up. To Levingstone the captain shewed an immense quantity of tobacco, two barrels of gunpowder

in the rock to which he would not approach but with a small lantern which lay in the vault, bales of silk, cambric, and some lace.

They came forth from the lower vault to the upper one, and put up the stones as before, though they might not indeed have been so cautious, since, except their own people, none others had, perhaps since the days of splendour, visited that vault: indeed those who knew the castle well, those who paced its deep-walled galleries, trode around its spacious amphitheatre, and had visited one of the vaults, never thought of crossing the transverse pieces of water to explore the spacious subterraneous halls which had called the Bruce king and master.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down !

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself.

SHAKSPEARE.

LEVINGSTONE, Whiggans, and hismen got at length to the cave, but it was a distance of three miles. It lay in a deep wood ; it only had an entrance by a small fissure in the face of the rock, sufficiently large to allow a man to walk in erect ; but the access to it was difficult, and the night was now extremely dark : the moon had set, and the heavens, so starry at nine o'clock, were now veiled in sable, mournful darkness.

But though this entrance was on the face of a rock, there was a projecting crag at the bases of the fissure suffi-

ciently large to hold at one time four or five men ; and the descent to this species of natural platform was only by means of swinging himself over the brow of the rock, by means of a rope that Lerwick could have got into the cave, if he were there ; but the whole summit of this lofty rock was crowned with hazel bushes and small oaks, and it was an easy matter for him to let himself down. The people of Whiggans had ropes in the hand of one of the men, for they had not come unprepared : all are ready to descend.

“Mr. Levingstone,” said Whiggans, “you know the old ruin of a castle was sought in vain ; we shall not be so unsuccessful here, I hope. I and two of my men will go down ; you had better not go.”

“Why, Mr. Whiggans, I have no personal fear ; I am armed as well as you are.”

“Very true, but Lerwick is better armed than any of us; this cave is full of gunpowder, and if the villain blows us all up, it will be no more than I expect: but if he did not escape from the castle to-night, and I do not think he was in the castle to-night, he certainly was not here last night at nine o’clock, for I myself came here for powder and shot, and there was not a soul in the place. But now we must be resolute and friendly; I shall descend myself, and appear to be wanting powder; at least I shall mention when I get down on the *devil’s chin*” (such was the name of the projecting piece of rock), “to my men, to hand me their powder-flasks and horns, and I’ll fill them in the dark, and Lerwick will not suspect me; and when I am fairly in, another of the lads will get down like a hawk and follow me on his stockings’ soles, and a third will follow him in the same manner;

and then I will open this dark lantern, and we shall soon see whether this devil of a pedler be here or not."

A rope was slung round the captain's thigh, and he supported his body erect by one hand, holding in the other the lantern. He disentangled himself from the rope, and desired the lads to drop him in a bag their flasks and powder-horns; but another lad descended in the same manner as Whiggans had done; Whiggans goes in and is followed by his man, and in an instant two more were on the *devil's chin* to assist them.

"Is it you, captain?" said a voice at the extreme end of the cave. "Yes, are you here, Lerwick?" "O! captain, gif ye wad take me o'er to Ireland with you."

"Why, we are going on a different cruise to-morrow morning." And immediately the lantern showed the wretched Lerwick; but no sooner did he per-

ceive himself in the presence of two men, than he asked, "Come ye as friends or foes?" "To take you, Lerwick," said the captain, and sprung on him. Lerwick crouched and sprung under his arms, and wheeled round as quick as lightning, and discharged a pistol at the captain, who dropped, and fell from losing his balance by the leap, and thereby escaped the ball; the lantern by Whiggans's fall was gone out, and now the captain's man flew upon Lerwick; but the wretch received the poor lad on the point of a cutlass, and what with the weight of his body from the spring he made, and the bottom with which Lerwick received him, the cutlass literally went through the body up to the hilt. The wretch not thinking there was any one in the way but Whiggans, and finding he could not disentangle the cutlass, (its blade was fast locked between the vertebræ and

the ribs,) sprung at Whiggans to snatch a pistol from his belt; but the report of the pistol, and the groan of the lad who had now expired, and the noise in the scuffle, raised not only alarm on the brow of the rock, but made those without on *Satan's chin* dart like serpents into the hole; and now Lerwick was overpowered, tied with a cord hands and feet like a sheep, and dragged to the cave's mouth: but now they had to unbind him to get him out; however there were three more on the rock, and the miscreant was tied hands to back, and feet together, as close as ropes could bind him, and brought to the rock; there was no danger of his falling over; another rope was round his body in an instant, and he was hauled up swinging by the middle, like a sack of corn in the shears of a brewer's crane. But though the groan of the wounded man was heard, it was not known that

any one was killed yet, for the place was darker than the coal is black, and the night was such that not a man could see his pistol at his arm's length only.

A young oak was cut in the wood, and the pedler was bound to it by the feet, the middle, and the shoulders ; and the men, two at a time, carried him in great triumph to Rothsay, little suspecting, poor fellows, that any man of their company had fallen by such a wretch's hand ; but when the last reserve was called to take the poll, it was discovered there was a man missing, and two men were sent after him to the cave, whilst the others went to the town with their murderous load.

When they came to the skirts of the town, the captain plainly told Levingstone he would not go one step farther but on a certain condition. They would leave Lerwick in baillie Ilan

Dou's hall, provided Levingstone would go before and return with word from the porter, that the magistrate was in bed, and they should enter and leave his house without being seen by any one, even the porter. They were all outlawed; and however much they were disposed to befriend Levingstone, they would not risk their safety after depriving Lerwick of the power of getting on his legs again, till some one loosed him. Levingstone went before; knocked at the door softly; the watch-dog barked; the porter awoke and came to the door, asking who was there.

“Levingstone.”

“Stay a wee, sir, till I get on my breiks, and I’se let ye in: but what’s brought ye here sae late at e’en; its surely morning, or my lugs are cheating me, for I hear the cock i’the stable crawling.”

The porter soon came to the door

half dressed; and Levingstone told him he had some friends from the country with a load, which he wished to leave in the hall till the morning, but his friends would not come farther than the hall, and would make no noise; and the porter got strict injunctions not to waken the magistrate Ilan Dou.

Levingstone returned to the smugglers, and told them how the matter had been arranged with the porter; and now again on these disinterested fellows' shoulders this lump of murderous wrath was borne, till it was laid down at the door of the magistrate's house.

Levingstone knocked, the door opened, and now he desired the porter to go and wake his master; and whilst the porter was gone, the pedler was brought into the hall; the captain shook hands with Levingstone, bade "God bless him," and returned with his men to the cave to look after the man

they had missed, and then to put to sea again.

The magistrate was down stairs at the name of Levingstone as soon as the porter; but his astonishment at seeing Lerwick lying on the floor, fastened to a pole like a tiger on a giant's staff, was so great, that he asked "if it was all a dream, or if he saw Levingstone and that woful Lerwick with waked and opened eyes, and sober or illusive contemplation."

Levingstone soon convinced the worthy magistrate all was reality; and now, for 'twas just five o'clock of a dark winter's morning, the whole house is awoke by the joy of the porter: and the porter was instantly sent for the jailor and blacksmith; this man to make fetters large and strong for Lerwick, that to guard him in the house, till those fetters were ready.

The crowds that surrounded the

house the next morning were very great, and the smith's shop was crowded with people, to see how the chains were to be made for a murderer. And their curiosity was greatly excited by the way the pedler was brought to the magistrate's house; for as Levingstone declined telling how he had been assisted in securing Lerwick, one whispered to his neighbour, and another believed the illusion, "that the devil brought him to the town tied to the tree like a wild cat on Glen Bowie Mor's claymore."

On the afternoon of this day, an investigation took place as to the escape of Lerwick. The good minister, the comptroller, the dominie, and many others were present; but it was particularly observed that Mon. Villejuive did not attend; however there were no very strong suspicions raised by his absence, since it was given out that he

was very ill. His sons, one of whom was eighteen and the other nineteen, came to town and joined Levingstone and his friends in the investigation; and when the pedler saw the sons of Villejuive, he cast upon them the most fiend-like look a human being could show.

Notwithstanding all the questions put to Lerwick, no reply could be got from him; he would not answer any question put to him: but the smith had the irons ready by the afternoon, and Lerwick was put into them, and laid on a cart, and carried to the tolbooth.

But as it was a suspected wretch that was going to jail, the carter who was employed to carry him, employed another who was not famed for mercy to his horse, for the poor animal had its hair worn off, and was also lean of flesh without any care having been used to keep it in a condition to do

its ordinary labour. The carter himself was dressed in a plaid, wrapped round his body, with a portion of it thrown over his left shoulder; and every now and then, as the wind or attention to his horse either blew it off or removed its order, he would turn himself round to adjust his mantle; and this having been done, the poor horse received some six or eight hearty thumps with what had once been part of a flail. The harness of the cart was of osier, very firmly twisted and knotted together; and the "branks" happening unfortunately to give way, before they got far from the baillie's door, a rope made from the manes and tails of horses supplied its place; but what made the harness of this cart peculiarly grotesque, was the horse-collar and crupper, which were made of straw; and to save the mangled back of the poor animal, the cart saddle had placed, under it, a parcel of old rags, and Lerwick was covered

with an old great coat and blanket. The poor carter had not met with the great Lexicographer and Hebridean tourist, else he might have been instructed to make his poor beast's *graith* of "nettles;" but this was the most wretched machine the island owned, and the carter got four-pence for driving Lerwick to the tolbooth.

Lerwick was now safely locked up in the tolbooth. A very strong bar of iron had been fixed into the floor of the cell; the irons which were fastened on his legs communicated with this bar, and slid along it by a ring. There was a heavy chain, that had once moored a custom-house boat, employed to chain Lerwick to this bar; and he was now thought quite secure.

As the window of the cell was accessible from the street, all the bare-headed and bare-legged little boys came to peep in at the window to see the pedler. The little pot-bellied boy, wit

his hair docked, and hanging over his forehead like old Time in the picture, came with his little bare-headed sister, and was met at the window by another little brat, with its coarse vest buttoned down the back, to prevent the little urchin from getting it off; they came to see a murderer: their infant duty to the laird of the Caim of St. Clyde brought them to this spot.

But they were kings in cleanliness to the little wretches found in the streets of London; and the little islander and his pretty, artless, red-haired little sister, were an angel and cherub in heart and conduct, to the shocking little miscreants that prowl from Hyde Park corner to Ratcliffe highway; and we have only instanced the little islander to show what interest all the human beings of this speck in the ocean took in the death of St. Clyde.

CHAPTER IX.

With faltering voice
Hespake ; and after he had ceased from speech,
His lip was quivering still.

SOUTHEY'S RODERICK.

AFTER Lerwick's first escape, the pavement of the cell he was confined in had been very securely rivetted, stone to stone, by iron clasps sunk flush with the surface of the stone; hence the whole might as easily be removed as one piece. The door it was not possible to make stronger or more secure; for besides being lined with amazingly strong sheet iron, it was full set of large-headed nails very firmly rivetted on both sides; and the two locks on the inside were of the very best workman-

ship, and Vulcan himself could not have put them more securely on. The window of the cell had sashes in it, and on the outside of these were some iron bars which were deemed sufficiently strong to prevent any man from getting out ; and indeed they were so, if intersecting each other at right angles, and at the small distance of four inches separate and seven-eighths of an inch square, could be any thing of a grating to keep from escape a desperado like this Lerwick.

The public mind had just begun to subside from the extravagant joy it had dipped into by the second seizure of Lerwick, and the people looked forward to the circuit of the Judges as the period of their wishes for vengeance on his head ; when on the morning of the fourth day of his confinement, the iron bars of the window were seen to be cut away ; and on looking into the

cell the empty irons of their late captive lay sawed in pieces.

The alarm had not been given by daylight of Lerwick's escape, when it was also announced that baillie Ilan Dou's barge was missing from her moorings in the harbour. No doubts were entertained now but that Lerwick had friends on the island who assisted him with a saw; and it was strongly suspected that whilst himself sawed off his irons, some one else with another saw cut away the staunchions from the window; and the barge's disappearance left no doubt that, favoured with a fair wind for the main land, Lerwick was now a day's journey ahead of nimble-footed justice.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the simple islanders to suppose there was among them a wretch who could be privy to Lerwick's escape. The thoughts of their own in-

security against the diabolical machinations of such a miscreant, the rumours that he who aided Lerwick might in one night blow up baillie Ilan Dou's house, or poison their water, or assassinate the good minister, were current in every artless mind.

But the minister and the baillie were soon listened to ; and the poor people abandoned their fears, and exerted their curiosity in inquisitively asking each other how the staunchions of the window could be sawed ; for many of them " would hardly believe that iron was capable of being sawed like a piece of oak, and therefore only he who cleft Eildon hills in three, and bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone, and twined ropes out of the sand of the sea, could have assisted out of his fetters and from a jail so well locked and barricadoed, the murderer, the two-fold murderer, Lerwick."

The smugglers sent again to Levingstone, and volunteered to search again their retreats as before, and they were searched accordingly, but all their search was useless; Lerwick was not there. Whiggans did this to satisfy Levingstone of his willingness to do every thing to bring to justice this fellow Lerwick; and if he could be found on the island, the exertions of the smugglers were not inferior to those who made greater professions of friendship, and who could publicly testify that friendship by noon-day deeds and clamorous words.

Monsieur Villejuive too, on this occasion, came forth with the other people of quality; for every man who was not employed in hard labour and merchandise; and even some of these by descent from ancient families before the *union*, though they could produce no *magnæ tabulæ domuum*, still bore

his *patronimic*, and affected not to be otherwise known when in the presence of a stranger, or at the head of his own table.

Monsieur Villejuive, we say, joined the people of quality in expressing his consternation at the daring escape of Lerwick, and was very willing to render every assistance to retake him; but he was very busily repairing some philosophical apparatus; and though he could not give his time, he would not be deficient in defraying the expenses of those who might go in quest of Lerwick.

The cell was minutely searched, and in a hole in the wall was found the following letter :—

“KEEP your counsel, keep your heart up. The nights are long; your work is half done. I have at last found the saws, and to-morrow night we shall begin; and you shall have forty gui-

neas from me to pay your passage to America. You will be safe at the Light-house till a vessel is going out."

This letter had neither date nor signature; but it was not possible to tell whose hand-writing it was in, for it did not resemble in its graphical execution the threatening document found in the Laird St. Clyde's scrutoir, nor was there any semblance in its diction to the dialect of a common man. The saws and the guineas rendered the whole business dark as mystery could shroud a villanous transaction; but the intimation given of a safe retreat in the light-house gave a clue of hope to every mind. But the baillie and the minister and Monsieur Villejuive were equally puzzled to conjecture what light-house was meant; however, there was one fixed upon.

This house stood upon a projecting

rock in the sea, at about sixteen miles from the scene of these horrible actions, and two trusty fellows were sent thither to seize Lerwick. The house was searched, but no Lerwick was found; and the person who kept it was not known to have ever been suspected of any thing base, far less at conniving at the escape of so vile a miscreant as this pedler was now known to be; but they supposed that Lerwick, as he got into what was called the channel, in baillie Ilan Dou's barge, met with an American ship which was known to have sailed from G—— early that morning under a fine light breeze; and having, as was conjectured, paid his passage and let the barge go adrift, was, when the men got to the lighthouse, in the north channel, and on his way to the new world. And this presumptive evidence of his escape was, when they returned to their native isle,

further established by the barge having been found about a mile from Mill-hole.

Every body then mourned his negligence in not appointing a watchman over the jail; and the next person that happened to be sent into jail, having been a poor smuggler that was taken alone on board a vessel belonging to a very powerful band of these daring outlaws, in case of a rescue being attempted, all the shopkeepers and tradesmen of Rothsay formed what they call a police or *acies comitatús*, as the dominie called them.

This band did well, but it was too late for the cunning chapman. However, a circumstance singular enough of its kind befel this loyal corps. One night when they were on duty over the smuggler, and being very jovial in the town-hall, which was also their guard-room, for the sentinel had come up stairs to warm himself by a glass

of *snaps* and the blazing fire, a horrible cry was heard at the foot of the stairs ; and when the watch got to the stair-head, another noise that seemed to come from the shore or quay-head, caused all the people on duty to run in that direction, and just as a respectable merchant got to the end of the Leigh-street, he observed a man standing against the bridge-end ; and, drawing his sword, at one blow severed the man's head from his body, without enquiring what the mischief was he had done : the merchant ran home in great agitation to his wife, and ordered her to give him all the money she had in the house, as he had killed a man, and must now flee like "ony Lerwick."

The poor woman's consternation and fright were only equalled by the alacrity with which she got to the bottom of the stocking for a sum of gold ;

Duncan Lamb filled his pockets, kissed his wife, bade heaven bless her and his helpless children, ungirded his sword, and took a staff in his hand, and half walked and half swam across the harbour till he got to the Ladies' Seats, and was making his way for the ferry, when the rest of the *acies comitatús* overtook him, and insisted on his being brought back under the strong hand *virorum gladiis* to the tolbooth, to stand his trial for killing the man ; for those who were behind Duncan, as soon as they saw him strike, fled back to the town-hall, and related the *opus virtutis* he had achieved.

But they thought proper to have him apprehended instantly, yet next morning no dead man could be found, and the poor smuggler was safe in jail ; but the fishermen who resided beside the bridge-head, found in the morning one of the barber's blocks, and the long

staff on which the *custos barbarum* of all the subjects of the Duke of Rothsay dressed Glen Bowie's wigs; and there was now no doubt remaining but the *shaver*, as the honest barber was called, had done all this—had given an alarm at the town-hall stair, had run down to the “brig end” and made a noise, and left his block on its stick to entrap some of the *acies comitatus*. And the people enjoyed the joke, and Malcolm's shop was not the less thronged on a Saturday night, since his trick gave a great fund of “clishma claver.”

The government had not punished, with all the rigour with which the law armed it, the malpractices of the smugglers; but this fellow, now removed to Edinburgh jail, who, though he had fought with Levingstone for Lerwick, was, when taken, tried and condemned to be hanged; and principally,

as he, in prosecution of an illicit trade, had shot one of the excisemen, he deserved to die. But it was the practice, in those times, to march the malefactors from the tolbooth to the High kirk, to hear sermon; also prisoners under sentence of death. And as the people had got a strong impression that it was not proved, that, though this man was taken with pistols in his belt, and on board a smuggler's boat, that he had ever killed any one, there was a general sympathy created in his favour; but what raised the greatest compassion was, that one count in the indictment against him was, for breaking open the custom-house and removing his own goods, and it was in defending himself against the exciseman, that he was supposed to have shot the man; and there being also a high-wayman under sentence of death at the same time, both these prisoners were

marched from the tolbooth to the kirk on the Sunday preceding their execution:—they were flanked by two soldiers of the city guard, commonly called old “fogies,” and a third was in the rear; and as one of the prisoners was at this time walking in the rear of the other, the highwayman seized with each hand a soldier, and caught with his teeth the other, as they were marching to the kirk, and though there was a great crowd of people assembled, the smuggler got off, and down by an alley to the Cowgate; and from that day to this, never could be heard of.

But the other man was brought down to the end of the Grass-market, on the day fixed for his execution; and as he was flung off the ladder, the rope broke, and the surrounding multitude made a desperate attempt to

rescue him, because he had saved the smuggler's life.

And since the government had hitherto winked at smuggling in the north, so noble a deed as that of the justly condemned highwayman gave much sympathy in his favour. But the city guard, by command of captain P——, fired upon the mob that attempted the rescue, and many were wounded, besides several also were killed.

The captain of the guard was tried for this act, in ordering his men to fire before the riot act had been read, and by the good old Roman, Scottish law, was condemned to be hanged. But the army took the soldier's part, and their majesties being on a visit to their dominions on the other side of the Tweed, the queen was as good as her word in promising to reprieve the

first malefactor; and the captain having been the first, a reprieve was immediately granted; but so incensed were the loyal lads of Edina, that on the very day the reprieve arrived, and whilst the captain was carousing over his claret in the jail with his Tory cronies, the mob arose, broke the prison door, dragged him forth to Golgotha; but when they got him there, there was neither gallows nor halter: however, a dyer's pole was seen shoved out from a first-story window of some certain house, and it was selected as the gallows; but there was still a halter wanting; and when many shops were looked for, none being open in the "west nook o' auld Reikie," the door of a person who was known to sell ropes, was forced; a piece of rope was cut off a coil; half-a-guinea was left on the counter for it; and the captain of the "old fogies" was executed

in despite of the royal clemency. But many were suspected; and it was observed, women were the most forward in this affair. However, a good Tory observed one of those Amazon executioners to lift up his petticoats, and put his hand into his gold-laced waistcoat pocket for a knife, to prepare the rope for the victim of popular vengeance.

Such were the effects, in the first place, of not checking at the Union the depredations committed on fair trading by Whiggans, with his North Channel rowers, and the smugglers on the border: one of their band escapes through a prowess, which, though we cannot but condemn, the constitution of our native feelings leads us to admire; and in the second place, an officer of the OLD GUARD, whose zeal for good order, having overshot his knowledge of the police of a good go-

vernment, is brought to trial, and condemnation; but though mercy, the brightest jewel that can adorn the royal brow, was extended, this notable captain fell a sacrifice to the wrath of an infuriated mob, of whom some went to Holland and America, and some to London; but the government of those days would not look after them.

Ellen remained in her native isle, on the bounty of a family whose generous friendship marked the goodness of their hearts. Indeed this young lady was looked upon both by Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill as their own child; and her amiable and grateful heart left no room in the bosoms of her good host and hostess, to wish "she never had entered their door." Heaven even blessed the good man in his outgoings and in his incomings, in his uprisings and downlyings; for the presents of all things in their seasons which came to

his house, proved there were friends to Ellen all around.

When any of the neighbours killed a sheep or a heifer, that part which they knew the minister liked, was sure to be sent by a fine little white-headed boy, with *his mither's respects* to Mrs. Thornhill. And another would come saying, "My mither has been making butter or cheese, and she sent me oore with this, and to speir how Miss Ellen is." And a young lad had just taken his gun in his hand, and "he hoped," as he came into the manse, "there had nae body been before him that morning with a hare; the ducks were not sae guid as the muir fowl, but Duncan Munn killed all the grous." And "another had a leisure hour, and just took his wand in his hand, and gaed up the glen a wee bittie, and forgathered wi' some fish i' the burn, and the trouts were a' twal inches long."

“The lads from the shore sent me up,” said Sandy Mactaggart, “wi’ their best respects to the minister’s lady, and wad she accept o’ a string o’ whittings and twa three labsters.”

And again, “They are the first herrings my father tuke the year, and he hopes Mrs. Thornhill wad find them unco nice.”

So also, “The bees had nae done sae well the year as the last, and my mither was frichtet the honey wad na be sa guid as what Mrs. Thornhill gat i’ her ain sceips; but she wad be kind eneugh to oblige my mither by accepting the twa pots.”

And in hay-time, “Mr. Thornhill, I’ll send oure my sons the morn, and they will cut your field in a day; they are four stout lads, and they winna work less for you than for me.”

Another, “The minister’s crop is ripe, lads; go oure, James, and ask him if

he'll let us cut it down and put it in, and syne thresh it this year."

Still it ceased not.—"Our carts are going to the town the morn; gang oure, Sandy, and speir gif Mr. Thornhill has ony thing coming frae the town."

And before the winter set in: "Mr. Thornhill, it is nae Sunday's talk, but ye'll excuse me speiring gif my sons are to have the pleasure of carting hame your coals this year."

And this being overheard, another is emboldened to beg, "The minister might oblige him as weel as ithers, and send oure his corn to the mill afore the frost set in, and there be nae water."

Who told these simple peasants that this was politeness? It was not from studying the *Belles Lettres* they had learned it. If they took off their hats and bowed to his lordship when he visited their humble dwellings, it was not because they had paid five guineas to learn

address, nor had seen their sons and daughters at cotillions, chantreuse, minuet, allemand, minuet de la cour and gavot! No, it was because Mr. Thornhill was a man, “to all the country dear;” and, to serve the pious man,

“ With ready zeal each honest rustic ran.”

The dominie at this time made the following observations to Mr. Thornhill: “ Do you not think, sir, there was a great deal of inconsistency in the late Laird St. Clyde first objecting to the marriage of Louis Villejuive and the lamented Miss Norah; and when I convinced Mon. Villejuive and the laird it was wrong, for the laird in the second place to pretend he was offended because the proposal was made only nine months after Colin’s death was known?” And the minister agreed with Mr. Maclean. The dominie forgot that himself also made this, in the end, the chief cause of offence.

CHAPTER X.

“ Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.”

WHEN it was ascertained in what manner the Laird St. Clyde had mortgaged his estate, there was a very considerable degree of anxiety shewn by Mon. Villejuive, to get it freed from the claims of the mortgagee ; and after consulting much with the fiscal, the baillie, and the minister, Mon. Villejuive offered to redeem the mortgage of the estate of the Laird St. Clyde, on condition of living on the estate, till its rent should give Ellen the power of redeeming the mortgage.

This was a matter not very easily to be got accomplished, especially as all those who had any power, made very considerable objections to any one living in the house, except Ellen, and her servants. Ellen, poor girl! she had not wholly recovered from her grief to make any objections. The sons of Mon. Villejuive had just returned from Dublin, whither they had been since a short time before the death of the laird; and the afflictions into which Ellen had been thrown by that irretrievable loss, gave her charms Louis Villejuive had never before seen: Norah's tragic end occupied all his thoughts; and he would sit for hours together, and listen to Ellen tell how poor Norah had breathed her last: and the interest Louis took in the closing scenes of Norah's life, made him very acceptable as a conversational friend to Ellen.

His brother she had received more

attentions from, in the life-time of her sister, but now that that sister had ceased to engage the attentions of Louis, his brother held a place in the second order of rivals in Ellen's estimation: but indeed it was not the foolish, nonsensical, rodomontade tales of dying lovers that engaged Ellen and Louis: she was sad, and he would weep with her; she was without father and mother; her sister had died in her presence; and her brother, that brother who was all her delight, had never been heard of since he commanded in battle on the heights of Abraham; and Louis was her cousin; his attentions were not addresses; his conversations were not solicitations; and his visits were not so many steps to an union; it was friendship in affliction, it was the consolation of consanguinity.

Antony Levingstone had done all the duties and offices of a son and a

brother, when triple death assailed Ellen's feeble strength; and she was in that season of life, when affliction makes every charm bewitching, and the attentions of friends give a relative affection, which health, peace, happiness, and all one's friends about one's elbows, cannot impart. But it is not to be dissembled that Ellen was originally of a very sanguine temper; and though her conduct had not bordered on absolute levity, there was a great deal of that hoyden playfulness about her, even at seventeen, which now could not be discovered. The sedateness of her mind, the evenness of her temper, the continued serenity of her countenance, the soft but elegant conversation which she readily adapted to the character and circumstances of those she conversed with, made her interesting to every person.

Mon. Villejuive beheld with pleasure

the friendship, the attentions, the reciprocity of a willingness to oblige, the similarity of disposition, which discovered themselves in the persons and conduct of Ellen St. Clyde and his son Louis; and he gave no hinderance to their interviews; on the contrary, he favoured the visits of Louis to the manse, and whenever they could come, Ellen was invited with the minister and his wife, to spend the Saturday and the Monday at Mon. Villejuive's house.

Nothing more is necessary to make young people of one mind, than to have them always together, and to allow them freely to converse, without the interruption of parents or guardians, nurses or tutors.

Their opinions will soon amalgamate; for if there be any latent embers of Cytherean fire in their hearts, the collision of their opinions will elicit some sparks, which, by a slight fanning,

may be blown into a flame, to be extinguished only by the union or annihilation of both souls.

Mon.Villejuive was acquainted with the principles of reaction, where minds are similarly affected. The facilities of frequency of communication he knew were the chief objects deserving his attentions; and he did not let any one slip that could, in any way, be improved to the attainment of his great and only plan, the marriage of Louis and Ellen; not that he had said any thing on this subject to his son; it was enough at present to encourage at times the attentions of his son, and at other times to allow those attentions to be paid and received, as circumstances permitted, without appearing to perceive them, without offering to censure or applaud them.

But he thought he would try the effects of a slight reproof; and when he

found it only spurred on his son's affections, he gave a little more latitude to parental wrath, and represented the impropriety of Louis's marrying his cousin; but when the young man would remonstrate on the encouragement he had drawn from his father's liberality of mind when his attentions were first directed towards Ellen, the father would give in; and Louis, emboldened by victory, went on till he became the most assiduous and engaging young man that could be desired, provided the disposition of Ellen had been as sanguine now as when she could number as her relations the laird and lady, Colin and Norah St. Clyde.

But the minister was not blind to the situation in which Ellen stood with Louis; and as Mr. Thornhill had a terrible horror of the union of cousins in marrying, he publicly preached on matrimony, and showed from the Scrip-

tures the degrees of affinity within which a man might not marry a woman. This discourse was enough to fire the blood of Monsieur Villejuive, though he had too much policy to allow his impatience to betray the agitation of his mind. He smothered his anger, and he became more friendly with the clergyman than usual. But he would ever and anon lecture to Louis on the minister's discourse on marriage, and urge it on the young man not to violate any usage and doctrine of the kirk by a foolish attachment, which might be conquered as easily as an improper gait in walking.

As the minister found that Ellen was susceptible to the force of his truth, though Louis by his increased assiduities seemed to brave it; the good man did not offer to tease her with the controversial opinions of the divines who had written on that subject;

and he thought time would blunt the edge of Louis's feelings and affections ; and as his attentions would not be very warmly received by Ellen, there was a presumption that a twelvemonth should not elapse, when circumstances might make some change which would destroy all hopes of a match between Louis Villejuive and Ellen St. Clyde.

Monsieur Villejuive during this time was not the slacker employed in gaining the minister and the fiscal and baillie Ilan Dou to accede to his proposals. The dominie he now left out of his number. He had saved a little money from the wreck of the fortune he had spent to establish *Prince Charles* on his throne, and he would willingly retrieve the estate of St. Clyde, and the deeds should lie with the fiscal till Ellen had the power of disposing of them as she chose. He would, besides, take it at an annual rent, and

try to improve the land ; and Ellen might reside in the house with him, or alternately with him and the minister. The rent should be laid out at compound interest, and every thing he could do would be done for the comfort and happiness of Ellen.

Though the minister could not listen at first to this proposal, baillie Ian Dou saw it so fair and honourable, and the fiscal was so delighted with it, that every body wondered how the minister, who had been so long the friend of Ellen and the family, should now offer to oppose a scheme, that had only for its object the welfare of his favourite Ellen. The minister was overcome but not convinced of the propriety of his conduct ; and after a deal of ratiocination, it was resolved that Monsieur Villejuive should have the estate of Ellen St. Clyde at an annual rent, upon his redeeming the

mortgage, as a sufficient premium, by which he should be intitled to enter upon possession, and in a month's time he was fairly settled in the estate of Ellen St. Clyde as heiress general.

The attentions of Louis ceased not, and the father now showed a strong inclination to the match between Louis and Ellen; but when Villejuive took possession of her estate, she became every day more and more reserved; and the attentions of Louis, in place of being agreeable, became truly obnoxious to her. She reflected on the disinterested conduct of Levingstone; and by that fine sensibility which, in affliction, makes the nicest distinctions between genuine friendship, mere professions, or interested assiduities, she was induced by the re-action of her principles of truth and honour, to look upon the attentions of Louis as the mere effect of relationship, and not as pro-

ceeding from any determined intentions of offering her his hand, which he privately knew she would never accept.

And as the minister found that Ellen now viewed Louis merely in the character of a relation, and not of a lover, he considered his object attained; but Monsieur Villejuive was more and more prompted to further the match he had planned; and when he found that the young lady was even averse to the company of his son, he took an opportunity, which circumstances offered, to insinuate to the minister the happy results that might be expected to flow from the union of his son with Ellen St. Clyde. This the minister evaded with as much policy as the other pressed it; and Monsieur Villejuive, finding his first attempt was partially baffled, applied by the most consummate address to the fiscal to obtain his judgment on the subject; but the fiscal considered

the minister the proper guardian of Ellen, and he would not say or do any thing contrary to Mr. Thornhill's intentions.

But though the minister and the fiscal both were averse to engage in discussing this topic with Monsieur Villejuive, Louis was enjoined by his father to ply Ellen hard; and she with no difficulty gave her negative to his proposals. But when the matter had been canvassed long by all parties, there was much propriety seen in the proposition of Monsieur Villejuive. And as the name itself of Levingstone, from the time that had fled since he left the island, was scarcely legible, except in the grateful recollection of the services he had shown when the catastrophe of St. Clyde's family took place, Monsieur Villejuive thought it was not to be expected that a young lady, whose affections, though easily

attracted, had not been given to any object, was likely to be suspended in her decisions by a comparison of the absent, silent Levingstone, and the constant, pressing, assiduous Louis.

And as there was on Ellen's part not any fixed attachment for Levingstone, the inferences the people drew, Monsieur Villejuive's conduct, the comparisons those in the secret made between Louis and Levingstone—all being favourable to Ellen and her uncle and cousin; it was broadly whispered, and in the barber's shop, and the smithy, on the quay-head, and at the "cross-stane," in the church-yard of a Sunday, at the mill on a Monday, every-where and by all parties, it was whispered and wished that Mr. Thornhill and the dominie were not so strict in their opinions about marriage, as nobody could be a finer young man than Louis; and though Ellen might

have many offers, yet, if she slighted the proposal of the son of him who redeemed the estate of her late father, her life might be as eventful as her sister's! and such was the superstitious conclusion of one old lady.

It was not possible for these surmises to be abroad in noon day, to be wafted by every breath to every part of the island, and not reach the ears of Ellen; but she learned the general opinion and feeling from the servant-girl of the minister's house. Forlorn as had been Ellen, and sequestered as had been many days of her life without any company except the plain Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, it was extremely natural for her to make a minor confidante of this girl, of genuine devotion in listening to the oral histories of others for hours when she ought to be refreshing nature by sinking into the arms of the god of sleep. But she would sit up

beyond midnight to hear Ellen's tales; and Bess would weep or smile, and sigh or laugh, just as the gentle Ellen furnished her mind with materials for joy or grief. It was Bess to whom every body told all they wished Ellen to know, and it was Bess who gave the multitude any glimmering of Ellen's feelings and thoughts.

In short, Bess seemed predestinated, for nearly a year, to be the active instrument that alternately collected and dispensed materials for thinking amongst her sex in the island.

CHAPTER XI.

Wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? for, please Jupiter, we'll make a night on't. Shalt sup here, please the Lord Harry.

FIELDING.

CHARLES STUART, who broke the merry-thought at the wedding, was, at the time of our narrative, just arrived in London, from a very dangerous yet successful cruise. Shortly after the accounts of his father's misfortunes, the cutter which Stuart commanded had pursued an enemy's brig from Isla to Man, where he engaged and took her; but the cutter on her return home encountered one of the most dreadful storms that almost ever visited mariners; the oldest seamen on board said

so, and yet some of them had suffered shipwreck in different bottoms.

The brig was richly laden with Indian and French goods, and as the gale carried them southward through St. George's Channel, Stuart once thought of sailing into Liverpool; and when that port could not be made, he was obliged to allow both the cutter and the prize to scud before the wind till he got off the Bristol Channel, where with much difficulty they got into Milford Haven. In two days they got up to Bristol. Stuart delivered up his prize to the prize agents there, and giving the command of his cutter to his mate, came to London to see his patron, Admiral Springfield.

Charles sallied very soon into the street, and having made his way up the Strand, he there met with Lord F——, who in his early years had been his brother midshipman. Lord

F—— had as much of John Bull in him as Charles had of a seaman; and on being asked by Stuart, “if he would not take a cruize through the chops and straits and channels of London,” his lordship, as full of fun as of money, at once agreed.

A hackney coachman was called, and Jarvis was ordered to drive, first to the west-end of London, and then to the east-end. It was a day in August; and the horses, which were none of the best, were soon knocked up.

“Let’s put into port, my Lord, till the vessel refit.” “Why, Stuart, the fellow can’t refit; don’t you see his horses are gone, and devil another one can he get here; let’s freight another coach; there, don’t ye see some old hulks a little a-head? Let’s get alongside one of ’em, and pay off this poor rascal, who, I’ll swear, can never get this crazy old tub into dock.”

“ With all my heart, my boy : coxen, or pilot, or captain, or whatever ye are, bring your lugger up along-side the best coach that’s at anchor, just a little a-head of ye. Avast ! my brave pilot, this one ’ll do. What’s her name ? I say, coxen, what d’ye call this craft ? ”

“ Can’t tell, sir. ”

“ O, don’t trouble the fellow, Mr. Stuart ; he knows as much about what is painted on her side, as he knows of Arabic. ”

“ Never mind, my Lord ; I’ll make him read it, and if he can’t, why then I’ll make him drink two quarters of rum. ”

“ Then, my good Charles, he’ll do both. ”

“ Well, he shall. ”

“ Come, my good pilot, coxen, or coachman, or whatever they call you, read this. ”

“ Can’t, sir. ”

“ You must.”

“ Lord love ye, sir, never larnt that there Latish in all my born days.”

“ I don’t ask you what it means in English.”

“ Lack a day! good gentleman; you be making a joke o’ me; I’ve no idear as to how you larned folks make out that there Latish, any more than the man in the moon.”

“ Well, if you don’t read this craft’s name, by all the drops of rum ye ever drank, you’ll go along with us to the first port, and drink a glass o’ rum for every letter of her name; or by Heavens, you’ll not——”

“ Don’t threaten me, sir, and I’ll go with you to try to make out the rum; I knows what a quartern o’ rum be, but don’t know no learning but to hear the Advertiser read by Joe Kedges, the vaterman.”

The remainder of the day was em-

ployed in traversing street after street. In the evening they repaired to Charles's inn; and after supper, having called the waiters into the room, his lordship locked the door, and both stripped and set to, and gave all the waiters, who, except one, stood on the defensive, a good thrashing. In the morning, the landlord was going to have his guests up before a magistrate for the assault; but by the interference of his wife, a compromise took place, and Charles and his lordship got off for ten guineas.

After breakfast the tour of London was recommended; and, after four days' cruising, these voyagers were content to relinquish the enterprise, swearing "the intricacies of London were more complicated and variable than the politics of a Frenchman."

When Charles and his lordship separated, (but it was not till the young nobleman's duty to his purse bent his in-

clination homewards) Stuart, strolling in the evening through Leicester-square, saw his old friend and patron the admiral, in tow with a Cyprian, and being anxious to learn the old gentleman's character in Venus's service, dogged the admiral home to her lodgings in St. Martin's lane.

Having ascertained the admiral's retreat, (for it was needless to wait for his egress,) Charles the next day waited on this unfortunate, and from her own lips learned that the admiral supported her; she was his mistress; he wanted much to meet the admiral there, but how to get an interview with him at this girl's apartments, baffled Charles's skill and contrivance; however, by promising her five guineas, she agreed to bring it about at all risks.

The admiral she loved, but she loved him only for his purse; "Charles was young and gay; and if she were cast off

by the one to serve the other, that other would not surely forsake her; at all events she would make trial." Next day the admiral came at his usual time, but what was his consternation to find Lieutenant Stuart in the apartments of his mistress: she begged ten thousand pardons; said the lieutenant had come to implore her intercession, to make up a slight difference between him and a friend of his. The admiral was happy to see Lieutenant Stuart, and congratulated him on his success at sea, but he did not invite his protégée to his house.

Charles thought little or nothing about his father's misfortunes; gay, young, always changing his company; as prodigal of time as of his money; resolute in the execution of any scheme; the most whimsical being in the navy, he delighted in undertaking nothing on shore but what was in the truly marvellous, or completely out of the usual

mode of living and acting among society; and he did not mention to the admiral the departure of his brother for India.

The admiral allowed the bait to take very well in her presence; but when in a few days he met Stuart in the Admiralty yard, he questioned him more strictly; and not finding his answers so satisfactory as he could wish, the admiral went straight to his amorata, and swore unless she told him the truth, he would turn her off: the wench told him with tears the truth, and falling on her knees, begged his pardon, and promised never to be guilty of the like again. The admiral went straight to a coffee-house, and wrote the following card.

“Admiral Springfield was greatly surprised to meet in a certain place t’other day Lieutenant Stuart; the explanation of the lieutenant not proving satisfactory, the admiral learned the

whole truth from her Mr. Stuart imposed on. It will therefore be necessary for the lieutenant to render his admiral the satisfaction of a gentleman."

Charles immediately wrote as follows.

"Lieutenant Stuart will meet Admiral Springfield to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, at Primrose-hill, and give the gallant admiral all the satisfaction one gentleman can render another."

Though it might be a little out of etiquette of naval honour, for an admiral to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman from a lieutenant, *the admiral deemed it more polite to fight an inferior officer, than to horsewhip him.*

The admiral set to work immediately to add a codicil to his will, and to arrange some matters of minor importance. But when, on the appointed morning, both parties, with their se-

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enquire how the old gentleman and the young ladies were.

The admiral received Charles with great affability; was just going to the admiralty; then they would take a walk, and return to dinner: they did so.

CHAPTER XII.

As Parian marble, pure and bright,
The shining maid my bosom warms ;
Her face, too dazzling for the sight,
Her sweet coquetting—how it charms !

FRANCIS' HORACE.

THINGS went on in this way for a short time, but the admiral's suspicions of an intrigue—no ! he would not call it that—an improper—“ ’twas certainly improper for Miss Caroline Springfield to show so much attention to a lieutenant”—an improper familiarity between his daughter and one of his officers ; that, by and by, the visits of Stuart were received by the admiral with great coolness. In short, when Charles called, the admiral was from home. Miss Springfield !

she had just gone out to walk; was dressing; or engaged with her milliner; or taking her lesson; and the music-master would not be gone for an hour; and then Miss Caroline will be very busy with some very important matters belonging to her father.

“What can keep Charles from our house?” thought Caroline. “Is he offended? have papa and he differed about some of their nautical affairs? I wish Dædalus, if it be true he invented ships, had been drowned as well as Icarus: ’tis very strange; day after day; a week, why, ’tis more than a week, it’s a fortnight since Charles was here; surely he has not gone to sea; and yet I can’t well ask papa;—but I will: I’ll ask the servants too.”

The poor Caroline ventured to ask the admiral, but her question was briefly answered.

“My dear child, these young men

don't know well what they are about ; they may be good officers, but till they get a ship of the line, nobody countenances them much ; 'twont do for a veteran of Neptune to descend ; it's a difficult matter to get him made a post-captain ; Stuart does not take the right way ; he should go to sea."

" Bless me, papa, I have heard you extol Mr. Stuart to the skies, and say, that after a young man had gone through some good, rough service ;—rough enough, heaven knows, to lose an arm or a leg, and be mauled, and unfit for sea ;—yes, sir, you have said, in this very room, that when they saw service, London is the only place to get forward,—it's the fountain-head of preferment ! an ——"

" Yes, my dear, it is, when they have interest enough to get forward."

" And won't you use all your interest for Mr. Stuart ?"

“ My dear child, you don’t understand it; and I beg you’d not use your interest with me any more about him. Every one has enough to do for himself; so be a good girl, and attend to the affairs of my house, and to your masters, and see that your milliner does not cheat me.”

Caroline was silenced, but not satisfied; she determined, therefore, to learn from Stuart himself, whether her papa had quarrelled with him; for she thought Charles too inoffensive to be at odds with papa; and she knew that, except being a little jovial with a brother sailor, the vices in which most officers gloried were to Charles the most odious and hateful.

She pretended to her father to want to purchase an article in Bond-street, where she knew that, between four and five, Charles was frequently in the habit of walking; and, as fortunate

as distressed about him, Charles she met.

They were, or seemed to be, equally astonished to meet there. He accompanied her to the perfumer's, and then home. She related the conversation with papa; he told her how often, but in vain, he had sought her; and since he was thus forcibly interdicted her father's house, would she permit him to come in disguise?" 'Twas just what she had been thinking of.

"Come, do come, as the hairdresser's man; nobody will suspect you, if it be before breakfast."

"But shall I not be discovered? The servants all know me."

"That does not signify. I'll desire my own maid to receive you, and conduct you to my study; 'tis there the hairdresser is put; make you the disguise complete, and leave the rest to me."

“ But what, if your regular hair-dresser come ? ”

“ I'll prevent that this night. I'll write Mr. Curl not to send his old-fashioned man to our house, till he receive notice from me, as we are going out of town ; and so we are, as soon as papa has made some arrangement with the Lords of the Admiralty ; we have been in this horrible place a month too long this season already. There's nobody in London now ; every body's gone to the sea-side, or to the country, except papa.”

They were now arrived at the south-east corner of Hanover-square ; and the lieutenant, who judged it not prudent to come in sight of the admiral's, with his daughter under his arm, bade Caroline good-bye for the present, but wondered, as he left her, how she could possibly talk about nobody being in town except her papa,

when the shops were open as usual, and the streets crowded with people; but there was nobody staid in town after that season, except shopkeepers and tradespeople.

“What,” exclaimed Charles, “are these industrious people nothing? Is this class of society nobody? Who then is somebody? O! I understand it now; and—and I am descended from whom? does Caroline know it? one of the nobodys.”

Charles was well acquainted with the dress of the hairdresser’s man, who, by the way, was an old man, and accordingly he bethought himself of going directly to the shop and buying the old fellow’s cloaths. But this again he declined doing, but went to a tailor’s in the neighbourhood, and sent for the barber, who came immediately, and the tailor went to work.

“ I am desired by a gentleman, to fit you with a suit of new cloaths; and, in place of that old hat and wig, I am ordered also to give you a pound-note to get a new hat, and you are to make yourself a wig, and I’ll pay you its price.”

The barber was transported, and capered about the cutting shop, singing and dancing to the tune—

“ Hey for Bobbin John !
Kittle up the chanter !
Bang up a Strathspey,
To fling wi’ John the Ranter.
Johnie’s stout and bald,
He ne’er could thole a banter ;
Bien in byre and fald,
An’, lasses ! he’s a wanter.”

The tailor was highly amused, and Bobbin John was dressed in an instant; out he sallied, and soon returned from his lodgings in the Bell-Yard, Temple Bar, with his Sunday hat and wig.

Charles paid the tailor for the new

dress, and they settled that the barber's old cloaths should be well scoured and cleaned by next morning, when the lieutenant came and metamorphosed himself into Bobbin John, the Scotch old batchelor barber.

It was with much difficulty Charles, through fear of a discovery, got along the streets in this disguise, but he had found a very good painter, who made him look as old as Bobbin John; and so complete was the deception, that when the admiral's door was opened to him, Harriet Foote, (that was Miss Caroline's maid's name,) did not know him; and it was not till he said "I am Stuart, Harriet," that the obliging girl would allow him to advance.

Caroline was in the study in an instant; and seizing his hand, with more swiftness than you read her words, she exclaimed, "What, is't Charles I see?"

And recovering from her surprise, "Well to be sure, you are really an odd figure, nobody could have done it better; come, my dear lieutenant, sit down; I've a world of things to tell you, and we can only be here twenty minutes."

"It's all your own doing, my charming Caroline! You have all the merit of the farce."

"Be it so, Charles; and now for my troubles."

"What troubles, my sweet Caroline? you can have none."

"More than I can express."

"Well, my love, let my bosom share your griefs, if your soul can rely on mine for support."

"Mr. Stuart, I am too foolish; really I don't know what I have said; you don't think I am serious?"

"It's no harm if you are, if I alone am worthy of your friendship."

“Oh! speak not of worth; I respected you before I saw you.”

“You did?”

“I esteem you now. Dear me! I am light-headed.”

“Don’t be flurried, my sweet creature.”

“Well, I wont.”

“What have you to say?”

“I’ll tell you again—we have not time now; question me no more about my sorrows and tears: above all, Charles, forgive my imprudence, but it is my native sincerity and impatience that have forced me to resign myself to your confidence.”

“Since you deem me worthy of that confidence, sweet empress of my soul! it shall be dearer to me than life itself; it will reign enthroned in my heart with thy sweet image, even should my destinies call me to the remotest corners of the earth.”

“Don’t mention foreign lands, Charles, unless you wish to add to my distress.”

“Well, I won’t.”

“But what has my father done for you at the Admiralty?”

“Why, I don’t know; but I suppose his influence and that of my friend Admiral Nettleleaf are now busily employed to get me posted.”

“My dear Charles, if you have not any better interest than this, you may spare your anxiety; my father, believe me, employs all his influence for himself.”

“Impossible!”

“Fiddle-di-di!—have not I heard him say that ——”

“Say what?”

“I will not shock you with the recital.

“Let me hear it.”

“You have heard enough; come,

my dear sir, 'tis time to prepare for going. Come, come, Mr. Barber, get your dressing case packed up, for I am going to ring for Harriet."

"But when shall I see you?"

"To-morrow. Won't you come to-morrow? My hairdresser comes every day."

"If you wish it."

"Nay! I do not wish it, if you will not come."

"I will, my sweet!"

"Then to-morrow you shall hear all my sorrows. Don't look sad, sir, for you cannot guess my tale of mystery."

"Did you ring, Miss?"

"Yes, Harriet, the hairdresser is going."

"Here! here! Charles! do let me put this on your finger; and when time shall soften the hardness of that diamond, may December's icicles hang round your sweet's heart."

“Adieu, Caroline.”

Charles as he left the room could not help exclaiming, “O modesty ! O virtue ! is this the pleasing illusion of a dream, or is it the effusion of a heart filled with the purest affection that ever descended from the skies ? Does this unsuspecting and innocent girl but embellish the goodness of her heart by embodying the chastest affection that ever shone amongst mortals ? But what heart did she speak of icicles hanging around ; mine ? no ; that they never will.” He had forgotten the words, “her own.” “Then by a complaisant dissimulation she wishes to reduce me to the visionary pleasure of illusion. But that cannot be ; she is unhappy, and she believes herself miserable till I know her little griefs. Ah ! how true it is, the sacrifices of true love are made in the heart, and under the veil of mystery.”

But it would require a volume to tell all that passed in Charles's mind that day. He went home from the tailor's, and shut himself up in a dark room till evening, ruminating on all that Caroline had said to him, and conjuring up a thousand pleasant and disagreeable ideas on the results he drew from this strange visit to the daughter of his admiral. The thought of a disclosure confounded his reason and stifled his passion. The hopes of success encouraged him to reflect, and between fear and hope his whole powers were dissipated by the reverie into which he was plunged ; he stirred not from his apartments till the servant entered the room, and asked if he were not going to the rout at Lady B.'s that evening.

“ Is it night, James ? ”

“ It is, sir. ”

“ I am indifferently unwell to-night ;

get me a light supper, I'll go to bed early."

Next day he arose early, went to the tailor's, sent for his artist, and got painted and dressed in the habiliments of Bobbin John the barber, and went to the admiral's. Caroline was at the door of the study to receive him. He ventured to salute her; and she, with a little reluctance and the blush of a friend, offered him at first her cheek. Her affection, esteem, and sincerity could not do less; innocence, virtue, and love would not do more. But to his embrace she clung, forgetful whether the neck of her father or that of Charles supported her trembling and agitated frame. 'Twas one of those attitudes the artist but seldom can transiently glance at, and which WEST might have studied with scientific delight. Neither Charles nor Caroline could remember how long

they remained in this posture ; but they were both seated on a sofa, when the sensibilities of this interesting girl began to subside, and she addressed him in terms to the following effect.

“ O ! my Charles ! we are both too foolish : forgive me for the past, and I’ll try to conduct myself with more prudence in future.”

“ You have not any reason to reproach yourself, my sweet Caroline ; you deserve ten thousand hearts and tongues, if I could possess them, to reward the affection you have shown me.”

“ No, no ; if the heart of Charles rewards mine, ten thousand hands will never tear him from my arms :” and she allowed her arms to become chains to bind her to Charles.

The most affectionate and reciprocal embrace that ever kindred frames entwined, ratified the language of these distressed lovers, and a flood of tears

gave relief to the spirits of Caroline. As soon as she had recovered herself, "Here," said she, "let me, Charles, tie this enamel about your neck, if the picture of Caroline becomes your breast." "If the image of Caroline can be effaced from my soul——" "Hush! my love, there's a knock at the door,"

"Oh! Harriet."

"Miss, your papa has come down to breakfast, and enquired for you."

"Isn't he down sooner than usual, Harriet?"

"I believe not, Miss; 'tis past ten o'clock."

"O, heavens! tell him, I'm coming."

"What shall I do, Charles? I'm in dishabille, and can't appear before papa."

"Caroline in dishabille looks pleasingly charming; when unadorned, my love, thou art adorned the most."

"But I must be gone."

“Well, my love, adieu.” And Charles got out, for Harriet conducted him to the door.

After breakfast, the admiral in his walks called at the shop of Curl, the hairdresser.

“La! admiral, I thought you beed gone out out of town.”

“No, not yet, Mr. Curl, and I fear I shan’t get away this month yet.”

“Then I suppose I had better send old John to your house, to dress Miss Springfield’s head, as usual.”

“Certainly ; but why d’ye ask me?”

“Because, sir, Miss sent me this here note about three days ago, desiring me not to send the man, as she were a-going out of town with papar—with you, sir.”

“That’s remarkable enough, indeed, Mr. Curl!”

“Here’s the note, sir.”

“It is Caroline’s hand ; there’s some-

thing under this ; and your man has not been at my house these——”

“Not for these two mornings past, admiral.”

The admiral left Curl's shop without saying “Good day, Mr. Curl,” and home he went to interrogate his porter, whether the barber's man had not been attending upon Miss Caroline these two days.

The admiral. “Place.”

“Sir.”

“I have confidence in your honesty and fidelity, else you would not sit in that chair ; now, Place, tell me plainly, has the hairdresser been here these two mornings ?”

“I believe so, sir ; but as I were busy with the butler in the cellars, I think Harriet Foote, Miss Caroline's maid, opened the door.”

“Why do you not attend the door yourself, you blockhead, to see who

comes into my house? But observe this, Place, you don't at your peril speak of what I have asked you, to any living soul."

"I shall be silent, sir."

"And to-morrow morning, Place, let the old barber in, and come yourself to my bed-room, and call me."

"I will, sir."

"Send Hobbs to my study."

"Yes, sir."

Enter Hobbs.

"Hobbs, I have never yet had reason to suspect your fidelity; I've a message now to send you, and to tell you I want it kept a secret."

"It shall be so, sir; you may rely on my——"

"On your honour, I suppose, Mr. Hobbs."

"On my secrecy, miester."

"Well then, Hobbs, you'll contrive to sift Harriet Foote; and question her,

my boy, as to whether she opened the street-door yesterday to the old hair-dresser, this and yesterday morning; and be sure you do not betray yourself to her."

"I will, sir; I'll question her, and I be none of the betraying folks."

The curiosity of Place and Hobbs was at its highest pitch. Place gave sly hints to Hobbs of the great confidence master had in him: Hobbs rejoined, "Place knew no secrets of miester's, but he did."

Harriet was not to be sifted so easily as the admiral imagined; for the moment Hobbs broached the subject of Bobbin John's being there that morning, the faithful Foote asked, "Who let him in?"

"Not Place," replied Hobbs.

"I suppose Mr. Hobbs, then," said she.

"I only asked a civil question, Har-

riety, and a civil question always *requires* a civil answer."

"When civil people put a question, they put it with civility; am I the porter, you saucy, prying fellow? Go and ask the watch-dog Place: if he was not asleep in his great den of a chair, he should know who comes in and who goes out; but there be some folks that would be great folks by doing dirty things; but thank God I were better bred than to *gratiate* myself with any master or mistress, by bringing other people into trouble."

"Why don't you go and ask Miss who let her hairdresser in, you sneaking vretch?"

This was too much for Hobbs's blood.

"You butler's piece," he exclaimed; "did I hever go the play with any of the servants, and stay hout all night; and come hinto the ouse a

morning, sneaking through the stables, and then under the waulted passage, till you got hinto the garden, and through the three yards of Shrubbery, till you got down the back arear stairs into his pantry."

"You nasty, rotten, stinking breathed, polluted vretch, go to the hospital, and see Fanny Kettle; the poor girl has lost her place, lost her character, and now's nothing but skin and bones through you, you filthy hypocrite; get out of my sight, ye blackguard, or I'll throw this pan full of starch in your face, ye bastard; go and hask your poor hold mother who your father is, you mean, meddling scoundrel." And she looked for something, and Hobbs thought it was a dish-clout or a spoon, and retreated, but not with his face to the door, in case of an accident. The starch was boiling hot, and if he had received the contents of

the pan, he would not have been the first whom Harriet had assailed in her wrath with what came first to her hand; and Harriet, the instant he left the laundry, ran to Caroline's room, and imparted the spunging question Hobbs put to her.

Miss Caroline immediately suspected she was betrayed, or that Charles had been discovered; and she was too much agitated to be able to go abroad all day, or to Mrs. Major's rout in the evening; but she and Harriet laid their plans for the next morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas
When vex'd with storms ; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

FRANCIS.

NEXT morning, Charles came a-la Bobbin John, and rung the bell ; Harriet was on the watch ; and Place, who observed her, pretended to be fast asleep in his chair. Harriet flew to the door, and let in the disguised lieutenant ; and Place, with more than ordinary agility, made his way to the admiral's bed-chamber.

“ Sir, sir, sir ! ”

“ Who's there ? ”

“ Sir ! he's come ! ”

“ Who's come ? ”

“ The barber, sir.”

“ O ! it’s you, Place ; get me my gown and slippers.”

“ Here, Place, take this cane ; hand me that horse-whip.”

Down old Springfield descended to his daughter’s study. The door was fastened on the inside.

“ Open the door, I say ; open the door ; who’s within ?”

“ Miss Springfield ! Are you there, Caroline ?”

“ Yes, papa ! but I am having my hair dressed.”

“ Come, come, child, let me in ; I want to see you immediately.”

The feelings of Caroline and Charles may have been felt, but language cannot offer any picture of them. What was Charles to do ? Consternation suspended their resolution ; fear kept both at least two paces from the door. To have wept, would have be-

trayed her ; any thing but irresolution might have cost him his life. It was not an enemy in fair fight he had to encounter ; it was a supicious, an enraged parent, against whom resistance would have been violence, and a clandestine retreat the sacrifice of his love to the vengeance of her father ; and Charles had not even a pair of curling tongs to prove that he had been at work.

It was in this stage of their dilemma, that some one gave an alarm of fire in the house. Every one ran up stairs, for the voice seemed to come from the attics. The admiral, as he scrambled up the main stairs, swearing by all the gods, that “ he would burn with the house, whoever had set it on fire.”

The coast was cleared in an instant for the lieutenant to get out by the street door, without so much as taking

farewell of Caroline, who had not seen him escape, till Harriet seized her by the hand, crying, "Don't be afraid, Miss! there's no fire; honly don't tell your papar; 'twas Harriet Foote that cried, Fire! fire! fire!"

"But where's Charles, Harriet?"

"O! he's gone hoff like lightning; glad to get away, God knows: and now for the attics, Miss."

"You wicked thing, Harriet, to frighten all the house so."

"Vell, vell, never mind, Miss, since the poor gentleman's got hoff with a hole skin and sound bones."

"Here, Foote, here's a necklace for you; I'll never forget you."

"Lord bless you, Miss; you be too good to poor I."

"But let's up stairs, Foote."

By the time they had got to the first landing, the admiral and all the

people were coming down, the old gentleman vowing vengeance on the rascal that gave the first alarm. Forgetful of the barber, the admiral called a council of war to find out and punish, by immediate expulsion from his house, the wicked offender. Nearly an hour did the admiral sit in his great chair, investigating this affair; and he might have sat till this hour, for the more he questioned, the more he was puzzled; every one denied all knowledge of giving the alarm; and Miss Caroline and Harriet Foote, he was sure, were in the study.

Place thought it was Harriet's voice; but Hobbs saw her from the garden watering some flowers in Miss Caroline's museum, and the museum was adjacent to the study.

None of them recollected that from

the museum there was a passage and door to the foot of the servants' staircase.

After calling them all "the fools and loggerheads that ever a poor man was pestered with," the admiral asked "where the barber was, that he did not come to their assistance?"

"La! papa, he was just done with dressing me, and ran off to be in time for a foreign gentleman at some hotel."

"Who saw him go out?" Nobody could tell, for nobody saw him go out.

"Who saw him come in?"

"I saw him come in, sir," cried Place.

"Did you open the door to him, Place?"

"Harriet did, sir."

"What, Foote! are you turned porter?"

"If somebody did not turn porter, sir, tradespeople might stand at our

door long enough, before that sleepy-headed man, Mr. Place, would open it."

"What, was Place asleep?"

"Indeed he were; and the poor old hairdresser rung and rung fifty times, I dare say, and all the time Mr. Place was snoring like the watch-dog."

"That there, sir, is the downrightestest lie, hever my heyes beheld."

"Come, come, Place, no bad words; you were asleep," (winking to Place,) "were you not?"

"Maybe I were in smallish dose, sir."

"Well, well, go to your work, all of you; come, Caroline, let's to breakfast."

Breakfast table chit-chat.

"Why did not ye open the door, my dear child, when I came to it?"

"Dear me, sir, I never recollected your coming to my study in the morning, before."—Long pause.

“Did ye want any book out of it, sir?”—Longer pause.

“I never before had any occasion, Miss Caroline, and I must have some light thrown on this affair; thank God, the flames of my house,—I mean the alarm of its blaze,—will bring this mysterious hairdresser out of darkness.”

Endeavouring to preserve herself from a blush, and her cheeks from vying with a moss-rose, the poor girl, tremblingly, but hastily,—her impatience might have betrayed her to any one but a parent,—asked, “Bless me, sir, who? what hairdresser?”

“I don’t ask, Miss Caroline Springfield, if it was Bobbin John; of that old good man I could have no suspicion; but who else was he whom Harriet let in? for Place was not asleep, he was on the watch like a faithful marine by my orders; yes, by my orders! Curl showed me your note, Miss! I

won't be shuffled with; no, I won't, Miss Springfield. Harriet Foote! she shall leave my house this very day, Miss; I'll have no spies, no! no accomplices to your follies in this house."

This was too much for Miss Caroline; she screamed and fell back into her chair in a swoon, before the poor old gentleman could fly to her assistance.

"Help! help! who's there? call Harriet Foote; O God! my sweet child is gone! gone!—run! run! run, Hobbs, to my apothecary's; call the physician. O! Harriet, what shall I do! Caroline's gone,—dead—O God!"

"Do, sir, send this pack of fools hout of the room, and leave Miss to my care; I'll soon revive her."

"Can ye, Harriet? can ye?"

Harriet (the room was cleared of the servants) applied a smelling-bottle to Miss Caroline's sensitive organ, and soon brought her to herself again.

The admiral, who had never before seen his daughter faint, (indeed it was the first time she had been seized with a fainting fit,) called aloud, "Heaven bless my child! and many, many blessings on you, Harriet Foote; you have brought my only comfort from the grave."

By this time both the apothecary and physician were arrived. A prescription was hardly necessary: the apothecary was barely told what to give Miss Springfield; the physician adding, "Mr. Rhubarb knows, as well as I do, what is necessary in such cases."

When the physician enquired into the cause of her fainting—

"Papa, what was't you were saying to me? My papa can tell you, sir, for I cannot."

Harriet, who was all in all to Miss

Caroline, could not contain her rage any longer.

“ Dirty, mean, prying fellows !” exclaimed Foote ; “ they have been putting master in a fluster and suspicion case. Hang the lazy rascals ! there’s that fellow Place, and the sneaking monkey Master Hobbs—I’ll hobb him before a month’s over. And if master did right, he would place Place in a place where he’d have something to do—yes, in Bridewell ; that’s the best place for that nasty dog.”

The impetuosity with which Harriet delivered this harangue so completely prevented the admiral, the physician, and the apothecary from speaking, that it was not till she had exhausted her spleen, the admiral could get in his word and command silence.

“ Silence ! she would be silent hon Miss’s account ; and if master did as

he ought, he'd discharge Master Hobbs this wery day. And if Hobbs is not put away, I'll go away—I won't, no I won't stay in the same house with him ! no, that I won't !—and Master Place shall mend his manners, or helse Harriet Foote vill find those that'll be glad to have her in their house, thank God ! Admiral, you'll not refuse to give me a character?"

The admiral was going to speak—

"O ! papa," cried Caroline, "don't think any thing more about me ; I'm quite well again : but—I'm very weak."

"Poor dear ! come to your own room ; I'll not leave you in this plight, Miss Caroline, no I won't ; Harriet Foote has a Christian's heart."

"Yes ! yes ! my love, go to your room ; I will part with every servant I've got, before Foote leave ye. Harriet, I say, I'm not to be frightened

nor threatened by your passion ; but, Foote, you're the saviour of my child ; go with her, do, there's a good woman ; go with Miss Caroline : see, she's going ; take her arm, Foote, pray do."

As soon as Miss Springfield and her maid were gone, the admiral gave the physician and apothecary a full and true account of the mysterious hair-dresser. The physician enquired if the admiral had any suspicions of any body coming in this disguise ; and the admiral could hit upon nobody except the lieutenant. The porter, Place, was called, and swore to what he saw. Hobbs was called, but he could throw no light upon the subject ; and it was determined, the servants being ordered to withdraw, that the physician should go and sift Lieutenant Stuart, whilst the apothecary was appointed to go to Curl, the barber's, and take old Bobbin John to pieces.

Harriet was not idle with Miss Caroline in the bed-room, but advised her to write the lieutenant not to come again as the hairdresser, as another visit in that character might be the ruin of both.

Caroline took her advice, and wrote Charles as follows.

“ Dearest Charles,

It was Harriet that gave the alarm of fire ; we are all safe. Papa is all in the fidgets. I am a little indisposed. I was greatly frightened by papa’s questions at breakfast, and so—but be not alarmed—I fainted—but I am quite well again—indeed I am. Harriet thinks you cannot come again with safety as you came this morning. Contrive, I cannot contrive, to see me. I am distressed on *your* account. I send Harriet with this note : she is a good girl ; you can believe all she

says, and you may intrust her with any secrets. But what am I saying? This, Charles, this is the first note I ever wrote a gentleman, and none but yourself could force such a letter from the pen of

CAROLINE SPRINGFIELD.

August the 18th."

CHAPTER XIV.

It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

SHAKSPEARE.

HARRIET soon got to his lodgings, and explained the whole before she even thought of the note; at last she gave it him: he broke it open with all the impatience imaginable, and read it in an attitude, and with emotions which YOUNG might not blush to embody in his finest scene of tragedy. When Charles had finished the note, he bade Harriet sit down till he should write an answer; and he wrote—

“My dearest Caroline,

Words cannot express my anxiety: I had not left you ten minutes, when I was again before

your house in my own clothes to save you from the flames. All was quiet, and your note has relieved me from a world of trouble. Is it possible? am I then the favoured one? O heavens! how my star brightens! Never fear, sweetest, dearest object of my heart! I will contrive to see you; all the powers on earth shall not keep me from your sight; and till I see you, look at all that I can offer, from your faithful

CHARLES."

He gave the servant something to purchase a new gown, and begged she would give Miss Caroline this packet; it was a very finely painted portrait of Charles; it had received from the artist's hand all the animation that could be given it; and Caroline kissed, and looked, and kissed again the picture, and looked and gazed, till she forgot whether that on which she gazed were

Charles or not; then, forgetful of every thing on earth but her love, she broke out—

“No, no; I’ll never have another; my heart is entwined in yours; there’s no name but Charles that has music in its sound; you won’t be faithless, no, you will not; you’ll repay my love; I’ll live and die for you; papa shall not, he will not make me swerve; O my Charles! oh! oh my poor dear little heart! O!”

“Bless me, Miss, what makes you talk that way to his picture?”

“O Foote! if you had my feelings, you would be quite distracted; indeed I’m beside myself, but I cannot help it; we are not always mistress of our feelings; no, Harriet, no! they must be cold-blooded indeed who can think of any man as I think of my Charles, and not forget themselves at times; really I did not know whether I was

speaking to himself, and I had not any recollection of your presence, Foote."

Throwing her arms around Caroline, poor Foote "prayed heaven to bless her dear Miss, and hoped to see the day when Miss Caroline Springfield would have all her vishes turned into realities, in their own house and their own chamber."

Caroline blushed, and cried, "O fie! Harriet, you carry matters too far; don't talk so, pray don't."

The physician waited on the lieutenant; and, after enquiring how he did, said, "he came from Admiral Springfield, to know if Lieutenant Stuart was not shortly going off."

Stuart was not purblind.

"Doctor," said Charles, "you have been in your youth in the service; did you ever see a spy caught? Don't start, sir, I'll call my servant; we've got tow enough, I believe, in the house, and

that chandelier is not lighter than you are; the hook which hangs it can surely bear your skeleton carcase; come, doctor, down to your devotions; all the nostrums on earth won't save you; no, no, spies meet with no mercy." And Charles looked serious.

The admiral's influence to employ the doctor on this service, was not more powerful than Stuart's words to drive from Doctor Marshall's mind all thoughts of his errand.

"But come, come, doctor; don't be afraid; I'm only in joke. You have a daughter; and you have been a young man. Now the admiral's a good, worthy, old gentleman, and the truth is, I was in his house this morning,—yes! as the hairdresser! now, doctor, I have told you the whole; but by St. Paul, if you betray me, I'll take vengeance on you whenever I meet you, and your character I'll

blacken to hell, if you mince one word of what I've told you. Upon your honour, Doctor Marshall, you'll not divulge this affair? I've been candid with you, because you're both a scholar and a gentleman; and I do most solemnly pledge myself, that I will never do the admiral, or his beautiful daughter, what is wrong, except perhaps, I'll have her, whether the old gentleman will or not. But on your honour, you'll bury in oblivion all I've told you?"

"Why, Mr. Stuart, I'm upon my honour with the admiral, too."

"Well, make your choice:"—a long pause, and a pinch of snuff; and resting his body on his right leg, whilst the left leg was some eleven inches before the other:—the doctor proceeded—

"It's made."

"You can keep my secret, and be

still the physician of Admiral Springfield?"

"Your candour, Mr. Stuart, has completely vanquished me. Were you my fellest foe, the openness you have displayed, and the confidence you have shown, in throwing yourself entirely on my honour, have routed my prejudices, and you may assure yourself of my friendship: I need not add, that my secrecy shall be inviolable."

Taking the doctor by the hand, Charles thanked him, and added, "I've one favour to beg; will you grant it, doctor?"

"If I can, I will."

"Your daughter and Miss Springfield are old school-fellows. Contrive to advise the admiral to allow his daughter to visit Miss Marshall, and I'll then see, without fear of offence,

the dearest part of myself." The doctor paused.

"Well, I will, Mr. Stuart; I'll bring the admiral over, and you can call this afternoon at four o'clock, at my house, and you'll hear the result."

The apothecary at the shop of Curl was not so fortunate; Curl could give no further information than that he had a note from Miss Springfield, forbidding the attendance of Bobbin John, and that the admiral himself had seen that note. Bobbin John was called, he knew nothing, "save and except that, within this week, fortune had smiled on him; he could not have been more fortunate with a sixteenth at the lucky lottery-office on Cornhill. Mr. Gaiter, the tailor, had given him, at the expense of a gentleman (he supposed one of master's customers), a suit of new clothes."

“ But where are the old ones ? ” asked Mr. Rhubarb.

“ Gone, gone, gone to the pot, I suppose,” said Mr. Curl.

“ I didn’t take the trouble to ken, whare the gaed ; the tailor keepet them and my hat into the bargain : aye, an’ my wig he wad na gi’ me.”

“ Now, Johny, I really think,” replied Rhubarb, “ you know who that gentleman is who gave you, in exchange for your old clothes, that fine suit.”

“ Gif ye believe me, sir, I dinna ken ought anent him, save and except he’s the bestest friend I hae forgathered wi’ this sax and twenty years ; it’s true I’m unko bra, guid faith I’m hail and claithed.”

Mr. Rhubarb could make no more of John ; but he deemed it necessary to go to the tailor’s, and ask him about

the exchange Johnny had made for his old clothes; and he went to Mr. Gaiter's the tailor.

“ Well, Mr. Gaiter,” said Apothecary Rhubarb, “ I suppose trade goes briskly with you; people must have food and clothes, if they should want the luxuries of life.”

“ If sin, sir, had not entered into the world, there would have been no trouble; death is a consequence of sin; but God knows, we must all, before we die, grow sick and need the doctor; and the doctor sends the 'pothecary, and the old saying holds true, ‘ We live by one another.’ ”

“ Well, well, Mr. Gaiter, suppose we do, my business is very short; you have very lately replenished Mr. Curl's man with a suit of new clothes, and you have even given him a hat and a wig; and you have kept the old ones;

and you have told him you did all this by the orders of a gentleman, one of your customers, I suppose."

"Lack a-day, sir, how came you to know that? I were employed to do it, it's true; but what of that? May not the poor meet with friends as well as the rich? and a more deserving hob-ject than hold John Handerson, there does not live in the parish."

"Anderson! I thought his name was Bobbin John."

"The same, Lord love your soul, sir; that's a nick-name he were christened vith, when 'twas fashion to nick-name hevery body."

"But what of the old clothes? who's got them?"

"Why I'd rather ye'd not hax that question, 'cause I may loose a good customer."

"O, ho! Mr. Gaiter, so you lend yourself to aid and abet the villanies

of your darling sparks. I'll have you up to Guildhall this very day to explain how you disposed of the old man's clothes; o may stick at it with me, but the sheriff, yes, sir, the sheriff will make you speak; and I'll put you to your oath, and if you perjure yourself, remember, sir, remember, the place for all such fellows!"

"Hear me, Mr. Rhubarb, hear me before you go; and I'll tell you the whole truth."

Gaiter, whose cunning was not of a piece with his willingness to oblige his customers, told the truth, and nothing but the truth; and the apothecary went directly to the admiral's, and related *totidem verbis* what he had learned of this mysterious affair.

The admiral was confounded and enraged; but as he had now over the lieutenant little control, the only thing

he could do, was to refer his conduct to the first lord of the admiralty ; his daughter however he could and would control, and Miss Springfield was to see nobody for the admiral could not tell how long.

The apothecary left the house greatly pleased at his good luck, and on it grounded, by the admiral's promise of the sincerest friendship, the hopes of a more enlarged connection, and that too in the first circles ; but the doctor, who had now called, was not so very flexible as his mechanic Rhubarb, and determined to bring the admiral to his own way of thinking.

The doctor expatiated very largely on "the necessity of the admiral not changing his line of conduct toward Miss Caroline ; and set forth, in the most glaring colours, as well from anecdote, as from theory, the propriety of allowing children (he meant

young persons) to have the fullest and freest latitude given them in their choice of life, when that choice seemed not to contravene the rules of the Christian religion, which, of course, he insisted upon it, did not make such a disparity between riches and poverty as people generally imagined.

“Indeed he thought Providence, for the wisest reasons, often permitted connections to be formed between very differently situated parties, as well for grand lessons of moral instruction to the world, as for evincing what man could not alter, the plain but homely and obvious saying, that ‘marriages are made in heaven.’”

The admiral, who paid great reverence to every lecture of a religious turn, sat in profound silence till Dr. Marshall had done; then he enquired what the doctor had learned at Stuart’s.

“Learned! he had learned much!

he had learned that Lieutenant Stuart had the very greatest respect for his admiral ; therefore, I conclude, sir, the lieutenant will never do by yourself or Miss Springfield, an action of which a British officer would stand ashamed."

"There I think you are in the right, doctor."

"But, sir, I learned, secondly, that either you must send Miss Springfield from town for a short time, or this youth may win her affections, and—"

"What ! Caroline won't marry him, I hope ?"

"The case is very precarious, admiral ; you cannot open your mouth to the young lady on this subject, but at a great risk ; recollect the many instances on record, of pertinacious interference in affairs of this kind."

"Well, well, doctor, I believe you are right ; but my dear child ! what shall I do with her ?"

"Do ! sir ?— Will you allow me one

favour I've to beg: my daughter and yours were at school together, they are still very intimate young friends; now do, pray do, let Miss Springfield come over to our house in Golden-square, and her spirits will be recruited by the change of company she shall meet with there; and in the afternoon she may return home; but nothing will so much contribute to her speedy and permanent recovery from this perturbation, as a change of this kind."

"You are very good, doctor; and I'll leave it entirely with you and Miss Caroline to decide."

"There's no fear of the result, sir."

The admiral rings the bell; Miss Caroline was requested to come to the drawing-room; and the admiral left her and the doctor together, to settle and arrange about her visit to Miss Marshall—that is, her interview with Charles.

CHAPTER XV.

Love results from contrasts ; and the greater they are, the more powerful is its energy.

ST. PIERRE.

IT was on a sentiment analogous to this, that Caroline, though unconscious of its truth and universal impression, seemed to be ruminating, when Harriet Foote, the servant-girl, entered her chamber, saying, " Dr. Marshall is in the drawing-room, and would be happy to see you."

" Bless me," exclaimed the agitated lady, " what can he have more to say to me ?"

She very soon appeared before the doctor; he bowed, she courtesied; and advancing toward her with the most agreeable countenance,—

“Miss Caroline, do not take me for your enemy, I am your friend; you are indebted to a young gentleman whose name I’ll not now mention, for this intrusion. I waited on him by your father’s desire; I had not been a minute in his company when he made me his friend, and I have always been a man of my word; your father I have persuaded to allow you to come to my house, to visit Miss Marshall; there your spirits will be revived.”

“I do not exactly understand you, sir.”

“Is it the first, or the last part of what I have said, you do not understand?”

“Indeed, sir, the whole is very mysterious; but as you so kindly invite me to pay a visit to my old-school-fellow, I will not say that I shall not do myself that pleasure.”

“Well, then, at your own time, Miss

Caroline; this morning we shall all be very glad to see you at the square."

The doctor, previously to going home, went again to Charles's apartments, and related his encounter with the admiral, and also the success of his request to Caroline."

"Come, my lad," said the obliging doctor, "remember that climate does not determine us to love, more than to the defence of our king and our country: you northern fellows have the superiority of us in the south, in the excess of all that belongs to the pleasures of sense; but you have also implanted in your hearts the finest honour, and the most extensive virtue. Love, my lad, love is the torrid zone of the human heart, in every country; are the turtle doves of Siberia less amorous than those of Hindostan? are the tigers of Asia less ferocious than the white bears of Nova Zembla?"

“But what said the admiral, sir? and Caroline! did you see her?”

“I have told you I saw her; now it comes out of itself—you forget things as soon as told you.”

“I beg your pardon, doctor, I did not remember exactly what you said at the beginning of your speech; the latter part of it I cannot so easily forget.”

“Well then, my brave lieutenant, the dear Caroline is to be at my house this morning; and to make sure of one sight of your prize, come along with me, and you can amuse yourself with my family, till your—I’ll not call her enemy,—your Caroline heave in sight.”

“As you are so good, sir, I shall accompany you; but I am afraid, lest by the admiral discovering the plot, you and he get to odds.”

“Don’t fear that, Charles; I have shut the old gentleman’s mouth, I

think. Don't you know that man, of all the animals which inhabit this earth, can be made sensible of the existence of a Deity; and who, pray, orders, governs, and attends to the execution of affairs over which we have little or no control? I have no doubt that the admiral sees as I do on this head, I think I have convinced him; so, let's be gone; why it's now two o'clock."

"Doctor, I am very much obliged by your friendship; I do assure you it is more than I expected."

"It is not more than you deserve, lieutenant: the man who is candid with me I shall always esteem; besides, sir, I am not obliged to explain all the motives by which I am actuated in your affair. Ah! my lad, but it's now a long time since I played a more desperate card, before I succeeded in getting—observe, not in winning—Mrs. Marshall."

How much soever the reader may be disposed to censure the doctor, it was from an enthusiastic bigotry that he acted, more than from any designing immorality. In fact the doctor was a church-going man, and under the impression of doing his duty as a Christian, he favoured the matter of Charles and Caroline; but he favoured it principally from a firm belief in the doctrine of *predestinated marriages*.

For the doctor, in an argument with a young loose fellow who argued for the preaching of deism, maintained that "there was no need for clergymen to this faith, since its disciples were found mostly among the rich and voluptuous, who, he declared, had most reason, if the corruption of their hearts had not been a prolific source of their errors, to extol the goodness of Providence;" and he always maintained that "superstition was found

among those who had the most just reason to complain."

He would for hours together reason to prove his hypothesis, by showing that, amid the luxury of Greece and Rome, and in the bosom of the wealth of India, of the magnificence of Persia, and the voluptuousness of China, men first appeared who ventured to deny the existence of a Deity; and he would affirm, on the contrary, that the Tartars, destitute of habitation; the savages of America, constantly pressed with famine; the negroes, without foresight or policy; the natives of the rude climates of the north, the Laplanders, the Greenlanders, and the Esquimaux, saw gods everywhere, even in trees and the very pebbles on their shores.

His conclusion was generally in this strain: "In short, atheism appears to be with the rich an argument of conscience; because they are rich, they

will be knaves in the article of the Christian faith ; therefore with them there is no God ;—horrible infidelity !”

“ But,” the doctor would add, “ there are atheists who possess legitimate fortunes, and use them well ; and there are poor wretches who, because they are industrious and honest but miserable, argue that there cannot be a Providence ;—horrible infidelity !”

When Charles and the doctor had arrived at the latter’s house, they were both very agreeably received by Mrs. Marshall ; the doctor as being her dear husband, and Charles as being dear Mr. Marshall’s friend ; and Charles was introduced to Miss Marshall.

This young lady united to the finest figure, and the most bewitching countenance nature could bestow, an uncommon share of that quality, which among the young ladies of her acquaintance was called *prudence*, but

what the married folks called *address* : she was easy in her manners, and pleasant in her look, and yet in that look there was something forbidding to a stranger : she talked fluently on any subject, on which, in public, or in company, a young lady is supposed to have liberty to speak ; and yet she never seemed to lead the conversation, nor to wish to be heard for her much speaking ; and in two hours, Charles could not perceive that she was more free from feminine restraint than when she first said “ sir ; ” and it was the universal opinion of her friends, that Miss Marshall was “ the same at a twelve-month’s end she was the first hour, one was in her society.”

She had read much, and had been a good deal in company ; but what she chiefly had read was biography. There was not therefore, a poet, an historian, a statesman, a general, or a monarch,

of whom she could not relate some little anecdote, that pleased and amused the company she was in; and her commonplace book was nearly filled with anecdotes arising out of the circle of her acquaintance, or dragged into that ring by the frequent sinuosities which the loco-motion of the inner end of its radius compelled the periphery to take.

In the company of this young lady Charles had not long sate, till he believed himself in the grotto of one of the muses. But from the reverie into which Julia Marshall had thrown him, Charles was aroused by the doctor requesting he would walk into the library.

It was all a scheme; Caroline had just come to the house, and the prudent doctor would first let her have some chit-chat with Julia: and Julia, who had as much taciturnity on this

score as her mother, and her mother strictly obeyed the injunctions of the doctor, never whispered the name, no, not even the arrival, of Charles.

Indeed, why should she? Of the matter between him and Caroline, Julia was an entire stranger! Julia had just been painting some flowers; and whilst Caroline was looking at them, the doctor entered the room, and whispered to his daughter, that "he would be under the necessity of requesting she would go to his library just now, and copy a letter."

Miss Marshall had gone into another room; Miss Caroline (for the doctor had withdrawn with Julia) was left alone, without perceiving her company had gone.

The doctor and Julia came to the library, and Charles was led out of it by the doctor, who went up with him to the drawing-room door, which he

opened and let him in. "Caroline!" "Charles!" were hardly uttered, when these faithful souls were firmly clasped in each other's arms.

The eye would have done ample justice to this scene;—the pen, the tale of the author, all he could say on it, is but a dead letter compared to the compassion-bringing picture that now lived in this sincere and comfort-yielding couple. The conformity of their spirits gave the finest and most reciprocal conformity to the attitude, which no art or design could have thrown them into; and the poet might have extended his pleasure by collecting a great number of ideas, which the novelist is not endowed to grasp and embody; still less is his feeble ken, that can only fix upon a single object at a time, enabled to delight his reader by displaying the details of this attractive column of

beauty and fidelity that has almost already eluded our memory, but which cannot so easily be effaced from the imagination.

As soon as their mutual affection had given vent to itself, Charles offered her a chair; but it was a considerable time ere she could lift her head from off his shoulder. At length, recovering her strength and spirits, the charming Caroline gazed on Charles with the most fixed attention, and his eyes were so completely sealed on hers, that neither spoke, till the feelings of the dear girl overcame her previous resolution not to betray herself in Charles's presence a second time; a flood of tears gave further relief to the remaining oppression and grief which loaded her spirits. It was perhaps but a temporary grief, but it was of that kind which the presence or even the thought of Charles could not fail to oppress her with.

Again she was relieved and again she looked on him, and at last found words with which to address him. But what they were, and how she spoke them, or how he listened to them, or how he answered her, and what she said in reply,—this, all this, mortal was not permitted to hear and to record; for if it made any impression on Charles's mind, that part of the table of his memory could never be unveiled; and Caroline recollected only, that she had seen Charles at the doctor's, and that the sweetest portion of her life—that on which she should always reflect with the deepest sorrow or the highest joy, though soon little better than a fine illusion, she had often wondered if it were on earth,—was spent at this unexpected meeting of her love.

It was now time for them to part. Themselves had not thought of it.

The doctor, who by this time had let his daughter into the secret, delegated Julia to inform Miss Caroline that the carriage had returned to carry her home to dinner.

She gave her hand to Charles, as he could not attend her to the door. The roses blooming on her cheek, with a full sunshine on her eyes that glistened the finest blue beneath the well-arranged ringlets of her fine black hair, gave an impulse to the simple, artless will of Charles to offer his lips to her hand.

On neither side was there any thought to give or take offence; and the bosom of Caroline, though sedate and still, was now gladdened. She showed in her look an unconscious smile; it was like one of those sudden glances of sunshine that breaks on the finest part of nature's workmanship, and touches the soul with sentiments

of admiration at its superior grandeur! and wishing to conceal from Charles the sudden throb that beat within her breast, she cast her eyes on the ground. He pressed his lips to her hand, and the last glance he got of her face plainly indicated, by the blushes with which it was mixed, what struggle and strife of passion was passing within her breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

She will find him by star-light.—

Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE good spirits Caroline showed at dinner, quite gladdened the heart of the admiral. He would not again whisper his suspicions. He had, during Caroline's absence, taken an opportunity to testify how much both he and his child were indebted to Harriet Foote. The evening was passed away in a very agreeable manner : but the admiral was a man of business ; and since there was no company that evening, nor any engagement to be fulfilled, nor any play that was worth seeing to go to, he proposed to Caroline that, during the remainder of their

stay in town, she should renew her study of Botany. She was perfectly agreeable, provided a good teacher, who knew both the theory and practice of the science, could be got in town.

“ I shall advertise,” replied the admiral, “ for one.”

Now the admiral was a great botanist, and he instantly drew up the most flaming advertisement ever a compositor had among his hands. Caroline of course approved of it.

To have opposed a single expression it contained, would have only drawn a sigh from papa’s heart at the ignorance of his child ; for to sheer ignorance he attributed every opinion that differed from his own.

Caroline was as quick at invention, as the obstacles to her meeting Charles were great. She bethought herself of another plot. Fearless, in the strength

of her innocence and the purity of her esteem for this lieutenant, she could not give description to her feelings since she saw him this afternoon. She now resolved to be upsides with papa, and to have her own botanist. It was one of those grand resolves a good mind, in a just cause, decides upon with a rapidity, and executes with a firmness, which dazzle the weak minds of the artful, the timid, or the wavering fair.

She wrote instantly to Charles the plan papa had formed; and sent, by way of postscript to her note, as far as her recollection could serve, a copy of the admiral's advertisement, and advised Charles to provide a professional disguise, to assume some other name and title, and advertise himself next day as "a gentleman (who) would be happy to devote some of his leisure hours to conduct the studies of a pupil

in botany ;” and the letter was dispatched to him by Foote that very night.

He was thrown into a very strange dilemma by this fresh proof of Caroline’s esteem and quickness of contrivance. He hesitated, and resolved, and hesitated again ; and at length he opened his writing-desk to assure Miss Springfield of his willingness to follow any measure she might propose for pleasurable amusement ; but still he was suspended between writing that “he would close with her proposal, and begged she would allow him to refuse or decline being a partner in so venturesome a scheme, lest both might be discovered or betrayed, and his sweet Caroline might incur her father’s displeasure.” However, he at length wrote her that “he should comply with her wishes, and would that night write an advertisement which to-morrow he

should send to the newspaper she had pointed out."

Foote immediately returned to Miss Springfield, whom this good news exceedingly delighted.

Charles accordingly next morning left his lodgings, and went to apartments at a milliner's in a fashionable street leading out of Covent-Garden Market. These apartments were procured him by Foote. The milliner was Caroline's milliner and dress-maker.

Mrs. Biddle knew it was not a clandestine scheme: "if young folks could not see each other at their friends' houses, 'twas unchristian and wanting kindness to frustrate their honourable intentions, when one could do it at so little expense and trouble."

Such was this good woman's logic on this knotty point, she maintained against her own conscience. It hap-

pened, on a little more reflection, to misgive her that there was no harm in it; "she was not lending herself to assist in a dirty trick; the admiral's daughter was a girl of a high spirit, and it was impossible for Miss Caroline not to be the most innocent and virtuously disposed pretty angel that walked the earth. Foote would not, therefore, desire for this lieutenant, apartments at Mrs. Biddle's house, unless he were a very honourable gentleman indeed; and she could not conceive how Foote could apply for her lodgings for a gentleman of the navy, if that poor gentleman and Miss Caroline had not planned it so, that in another person's house, and not at home, they might see each other."

Such was the sum of Mrs. Biddle's reflections. Her conscience went to bed: she had completely hushed it asleep; and if it should ever attempt

to awake, the same bottle and the same draught, and the same "lullaby, conscience, hush, lie still," would send it again and again to the prison house of the heavy-eyed Morpheus.

Both the advertisements appeared in the same paper, and as good luck would have it, on the same morning; the admiral read them both aloud to Caroline as they sat at breakfast.

"There was a coincidence here" he observed, "which always followed his plans and success since he was a *Mid.*"

Accordingly in his own name he wrote the initial advertising botanist: the letter was addressed to Doctor B. at *Will's* Coffee-house; Charles was there at the time it came in and received it. He wrote the admiral in reply, that Doctor Boston would wait upon him at two o'clock.

Dressed in a plain suit of quaker-cut, black, shabby clothes, with a huge

wig, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, which appeared on his head like a piece of a double, oblate, semi-spheroid, and about a quarter of a pound of good, fresh, sweet-smelling hair powder on his wig and coat-collar and shoulders, the lieutenant, a second time in disguise, ventured to enter the admiral's house.

The admiral had lost one eye in the service of his country : with the other eye he saw pretty distinctly when he used his glass ; to have used it in examining the lineaments of the doctor's face, or the stitches in his coat, would have been indecorous ; and Charles, to the great joy of Caroline, was employed as her tutor in botany.

It was physiological and systematical botany Doctor Boston lectured on, and he had in his early life been bred a practical botanist ; and indeed this was no fib, Charles had actu-

ally studied botany practically when at college.

The admiral promised himself great things from the proficiency his dear child should acquire, under the tuition of so able and so sensible-looking a gentleman; and having unwittingly introduced Charles to her as Doctor Boston, it was settled that the doctor should attend his pupil next day at ten in the morning.

Charles left the house in a state of mind that approached nearer the phantasm of fairy imagination, than that sentimental combination of original consciousness, energy, and action, which his prosperous star had hitherto indicated. It is true he had seen Miss Springfield at this professional visit; but the interview imposed upon both sensations and looks which partook more of the marvellous and of fear, than had been produced by any other

enterprise in which they had yet embarked. Yet it was wonderful that neither betrayed any symptoms by which the imposition might be detected; but the admiral sat at too great a distance from his daughter to decipher the reaction of her mind in her looks; and with Stuart, who had contrived to alter his face to a fine olive colour, and his voice to that of a pedant's austerity, the admiral was too much occupied about the *Linnean* classification to attend to the identity of the face of Lieutenant Stuart and that of Doctor Boston.

The appointment at Doctor Marshall's was to both Caroline and Charles this day an object of the deepest interest. At the usual hour they met at Doctor Marshall's: to him Charles revealed their second scheme of intrigue; but the Doctor by no means approved of it, and augured, though

himself voluntarily promised secrecy, the disclosure of the plot. To the doctor's opinion Charles now paid great deference, and hesitated whether he should attempt to practise the trick.

With Caroline there was no hesitation, nor any fear; it was impossible, if Mrs. Biddle were properly secured by Foote, to be betrayed; and even if they should, papa was too good-natured a gentleman to prevent her seeing her love at the house of Mr. Marshall.

Their interview at this time had less interest in it than on the former days, and they were a shorter time together, as Caroline would go home to send Foote to the milliner's, to give strict injunctions that Mrs. Biddle should never tell papa, that Foote had applied for the lodgings for Lieutenant Stuart; and as the changing of his clothes and dressing took place in his old friend the tailor's, there was little

fear of a disclosure from Charles's being transmewed into as Doctor Boston, professor and lecturer on botany.

The admiral, at dinner, congratulated his daughter, on the apparent good sense and grave deportment of her preceptor. Caroline was very much embarrassed, but she believed it was a crumb of bread that made her cough; the blushes which discoloured her lovely cheeks, received any explication but that of conscious participation in the imposture of romance, on the most indulgent and good-natured parent.

Next morning, Charles, as the professor, came in a hackney coach, the fare of which he had previously paid, in order that he might not be detained at the street-door; and he was ushered into the library of the admiral as Doctor Boston, as formerly he had been into that of Caroline in the character of the hairdresser.

The admiral had been obliged to go out on some very pressing matters at the Admiralty, before the lecturer came, but the proper books and cases of plants, &c. were laid out on a large table and tables; but how much, after opening one volume, or what these interesting beings studied, there was no synopsis kept, by which the writer of these memoirs could inform his readers.

Other feelings and other discourse than those of preceptor and pupil, possessed the frames, and occupied the time of Charles and Caroline. Caroline rung the bell; the footman conducted the doctor to the coach-door with as much unsuspecting ceremony, as he had with cautious etiquette watched him in his *quondam* character of Bobbin John; the brave lieutenant left the library, and passed through the lobby, and into the coach that had

been ordered for him, with as much professional dignity as the tutor of a princess: indeed the farce was carried on with amazing address.

CHAPTER XVII.

Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE plot went on for some days with as much secrecy as a plot could be conducted; but the ill star that guides all plots hovered over this.

At Hammersmith, there lived a celebrated botanist with whom the admiral was on the most familiar terms. On this man, whom many of the nobility of the island patronized, the admiral waited, and requested, as a particular favour, that he would do him the honour to call at his house, next morning, about

eleven, and see Doctor Boston, under whom he had placed Miss Springfield.

The next morning Mr. Leaf of Hammersmith waited on the admiral, and they both repaired to the library. At one entrance to the library there were double doors, so that no sound of voices within could be heard in the passage; this was a precaution the admiral took, not to be disturbed: the other entrance communicated with the admiral's dressing-room, and with the dressing-room there was a communication to the breakfast-room.

In this undisturbed retreat and library, Charles and Caroline, in the confidence of their security from intrusion; for the visit of Mr. Leaf had not been previously announced to her, and Harriet, who was almost always on the watch, was this morning arranging Miss's dress in her chamber;—in this retreat, then, the faithful lovers were

amusing themselves with Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet; when the door leading to the admiral's dressing-room suddenly opened, and the scene which offered itself to the visitors' view, was too romantic to forbid immediate and resolute interference.

Charles had doft his hat, but not his wig. Caroline was reading the part of Juliet, and Charles recited the part of Romeo; and she had just pronounced—

“I would not for the world they saw thee here,”

when the admiral and Mr. Leaf stopped Charles from replying—

“I have a *hat and wig* to hide me from their sight.”

The steps with which the admiral helped himself to the volumes that loaded the upper shelves of his library, were of a very substantial form and make; they were a kind of spiral, consisting of some dozen of steps, well hedged in by a neat but secure hand-rail on both

sides, and the top consisted of a platform of about three feet square, which, from its railing, looked like an orator's rostrum; the castors on which it moved rendered its site in any part of the room easy, even to female strength: on these steps, and in this rostrum, and over against the door by which the admiral and Mr. Leaf entered, was Caroline elevated in the balcony scene in Capulet's garden, as the representative of Juliet, while Charles on his knees at the library table, pictured to the admiral and Leaf's amazement the *locum tenens* of the "tassel-gentle, sweet Montague."

The words which Caroline uttered, were too distinctly and too audibly pronounced to mislead the ears of the admiral and Mr. Leaf, and the attitudes of Charles and Miss Springfield were too impassioned to suspend the father's decision for a single moment;

accordingly, with an alertness which danger brings into action, the admiral, whose strength was but little impaired by three-score years, seized the poor unfortunate Doctor Boston by the collar, and called aloud for assistance, whilst the active Mr. Leaf assisted the terrified Miss Springfield to descend from the rostrum.

Two servants ran into the room, and received Charles from the admiral. To have offered resistance might have realised Juliet's words,

“ If they do see thee, they will murder thee.”

A third servant was sent for a constable, but his assistance and authority were not needed.

Caroline had leapt from the top of the steps, and fell at her father's feet in all the agony of distraction; and the strength of the servants could not

keep from his knees the afflicted lieutenant.

“He’ll not run away, papa; my dear papa! forgive me this once; it’s Charles, it’s Charles himself, papa! O! papa, O!”

All this was said before the astonished parent could raise his daughter; and its effect threw the admiral into the most violent paroxysm his frame could bear without dissolution.

It was not Charles that now became an object of the servant’s care; their master required all their attention, and there was nobody about him more officious in administering relief than the helpless lieutenant.

Caroline too, for filial tenderness triumphed over personal suffering, clung round his neck, imploring his mercy; and would have prevented for a long time the resuscitation of her

agonizing parent, but for the pressing entreaties of Charles.

As soon as the admiral had sufficiently recovered to be able to distinguish his daughter, he stretched out his arms, and Caroline sunk into his embrace and wept aloud.

Mr. Leaf desired the servants might withdraw, and begged Charles to be seated, for the whole scene was too unequivocal to allow him to doubt that he, whom Miss Springfield called Charles, was unknown to the admiral.

But Caroline on her knees, clinging to the neck of her sire, and weeping the prayer of forgiveness, rendered of no avail the entreaty of Mr. Leaf. It was long before this exchange of parental and filial affection and grief could subside; but when both were exhausted, the admiral's presence of mind returned; and, forcing from the ground his penitent daughter, he

placed her in his chair, and turned to the lieutenant, saying,—

“ I shall prevent a recurrence of such folly, and my daughter shall never be at its mercy as Caroline Springfield; she and you, Lieutenant Stuart, are too much for the guardian care of a too indulgent parent: consider my house your home, till it is your own in the proper forms our church prescribes; and here, Caroline! call this gallant man your tutor, or brother, till your uncle the dean authorise you to call him husband.”

Caroline flew and embraced her father, and Charles, on bended knee, kissed the admiral's hand.

“ A thousand blessings on you, father.”

“ On yourself and on this brave officer, may they divide their felicity. Come, my love! come! this is too much for my spirits. I'm unused to

combat in this warfare. Here, Charles, take her hand, and may Heaven make you both happy, till your mutual passion shall be utterly unknown, and consciousness shall be lost in bliss."

The transition was almost too sudden for the spirits of Caroline, and Charles's mind was stretched far beyond the power of contemplating and acknowledging so much generosity.

In fact, the rapidity with which the several details in this scene shifted and vanished from his memory, left his imagination in amaze. His speech forsook him, and the odd figure he was in, as well from his dress as from his disfigured countenance, would to any but the parent, well-meaning actor, and the confounded Mr. Leaf, have rendered him an object of risibility more than of generous and parental compassion.

But as soon as dispassionate atten-

tion regained its seat, the admiral could not help swearing that, "the lieutenant was the drollest fellow he had ever encountered, but that the success of the whole affair was to be attributed, more to the fertile invention of Miss Caroline, than to the lieutenant."

And since it was so, "he thanked Heaven that the whole had been so opportunely discovered, as, of all things on earth, he detested most a clandestine marriage; and he had no doubt that this would have been the result of this affair, had he interposed his authority with all the rigour a parent's duty, in many cases, might dictate; but it was an instantaneous impression of this kind, when he entered the room, that deprived him, for some minutes, of his judgment and resolution, yes! even of himself; and that, simultaneous with his revival from the vio-

lent paroxysm he had been thrown into, determined him to settle the business at once, and let his daughter have, with his instant and most hearty approbation, the object of her choice."

Caroline was beginning to say that, "if Charles had not superior excellencies about him, she was sure her papa would never have introduced him to their house, and papa alone she would therefore thank for the good luck that had attended her stratagem: it was the excellence she had seen in Charles that raised her esteem of him; she did not know what he saw about her, for she thought there were many young ladies far her superior in personal appearance and the endowments of intellect Providence had blessed her with; but she would not conceal now from papa, that from the first moment she saw Mr. Stuart, she would have died for his sake: she was

satisfied also that her dear Charles could live only to make her happy ; but papa's generosity would always command her gratitude ; she was sure that she breathed the soul of Charles in addressing her father."

And the sweet girl would have gone on to harangue, had not the admiral stopped her, saying, " My sweetest little angel ! do let's hear what the lieutenant has to say for himself."

This was a command for Charles to speak.

" O, sir ! Miss Caroline has said all I could say ; you are clemency itself. I did not look for this hour to have opened to me so much generosity. I am too sensibly affected by the honour you have conferred on me, to utter a word. The universe at your disposal, could not have been a greater gift than the hand of your dutiful daughter. I receive it with a grati-

tude which words but feebly tell, and the sincerest proof I shall give you of my gratitude and respect, will not be by taking Heaven to witness that I love Caroline, and shall be to you a dutiful son; but from this hour devoting myself to the comfort and happiness of yourself and my adorable Caroline.”

“Of that, Mr. Stuart, I have little fear; I have had many opportunities of observing your honourable and intrepid character in the face of our enemies, and in the midst of the storm; and your virtuous conduct in the more destructive tempests, where the sternest virtue can sometimes with difficulty escape the snares that are laid to entrap and ruin our gallant tars. It is this, sir, yes! it is this, that gives more grace to your name than title itself; and, thank Heaven, my lad, I am no beggar. There’s fortune enough for you to make my daughter happy;

and if you get on in the service of our country, our king will not pass over your name to honour, in your stead, the vicious son of a corrupt favourite."

Turning on his heel, the admiral at length perceived Mr. Leaf, whom till now he had totally forgotten. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Leaf."

"Nay, sir, no such thing."

"Well, well, Mr. Leaf, I little thought, when I asked you to come here to-day, that I was to bring you to be a witness of Romeo and Juliet *felices*; and though you have very much the appearance of a priest, I am happy now to think these young folks will not need to flee to the cell of any Friar Lawrence."

"Upon my life, sir, this is the exact counterpart of our great poet's faithful pair; and I must say, admiral, that you have all acted your parts exceedingly well."

“ You think so, Mr. Leaf?”

“ I do indeed, sir; you have outdone in generosity the mutual esteem and love of Miss Caroline and Mr. Stuart.”

“ Well, well, let us not hear any more of this generosity, as you are all pleased to call it; I have acted as a parent’s feeling dictated, and I hope that all I have done will be sanctioned and blessed by Heaven.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Though fools spurn Hymen’s gentle powers,
They who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.”

THE next thing to be done by Admiral Springfield, was to send to the lodgings of Charles Stuart for some clothes; the admiral insisting that a new clothes-press should be got, to keep from dust and moths the professional dress of Doctor Boston; and Charles, when he had a minute’s leisure, wrote to Doctor Marshall to come to the admiral’s directly.

The doctor was abroad amongst his patients when the note arrived, but he

posted to his friends as soon as he returned and received it. And what was his astonishment to find the admiral, Miss Caroline, and Charles, all agreeably and friendly seated in the drawing-room!

The doctor could scarcely believe his eyes, for he had expected to encounter a hurricane of passion and prejudice; but, quoting a verse from the "Wisdom of the son of Sirach," he exclaimed, "The countenance is a sign of changing the heart;" and, indeed, he was not mistaken.

The admiral advanced toward Doctor Marshall with a smile, saying, "Allow me, sir, to introduce you to Lieutenant Stuart. Miss Springfield has dubbed him Doctor Boston, Professor of Botany; and when he next lectures to us, I hope you will honour us with your presence."

The obliging Mr. Marshall, though

still more astonished and delighted by this speech, did not suffer his looks to tell his anterior acquaintance with Dr. Boston; and he was at a loss to think whether the admiral was in jest or earnest by looking pleased and being jocular. A short time, however, made him acquainted with the discovery, and the admiral, whose pride at penetrating the thickest mystery was greatly inflated by the accidental discovery he had made of his daughter's stratagem with Charles, told the doctor, that "Miss Caroline had attributed both the stratagem and its success to his own introduction and excellent character of Lieutenant Stuart."

The doctor congratulated the admiral "on the decided manner in which he had acted on *his* opinion;" for Mr. Marshall thought that the speech he had made on a former occasion to the admiral on marriages being made in

heaven, had led him into the path of duty; and Miss Caroline he felicitated on the object of her choice, as though he had never favoured her interviews with that object.

Mr. Marshall took Charles by the hand, and gave him joy on the honour the admiral had conferred on him by so precious a treasure as Miss Caroline Springfield, who, of all the young ladies he had ever seen, was a most affectionate daughter, and he was certain would make a most affectionate wife, and reward the heroism of one of our country's brave defenders.

Charles bowed, and thanked the loquacious doctor. He was obliged to him, besides.—The admiral's table this day presented really a family dinner. There was present only Charles, besides himself and Caroline, and Charles was now one of the family, as far as the good intentions of the father,

the love of the daughter, and his own esteem and gratitude could go. The holy vows of marriage might give him a title to the name of son ; but the *Great Author* of that awful and indissoluble bond of reciprocal fidelity, could himself discover in the secret workings of Charles's mind no emotions but those of a son to Admiral Springfield, and a willing and powerful protector to Miss Caroline.

After dinner, the admiral and our hero went into a long argument on the superstition of seamen ; but as this is not the place to detail the arguments advanced for and against the brave tars' credulousness in beings superior to men, but inferior even to the angels ; we must, for the present, leave this interesting people, to inform the reader, that from the drawing-room Miss Caroline, after her father's embrace, and the lieutenant's " Adieu, my love ; "

accompanied by Harriet Foote, went up stairs to bed, the admiral declaring soon after they were gone, that himself would see Charles to his room; and when they got there, the admiral had nothing to say, but that "Caroline slept in the adjacent chamber; however, he hoped the lieutenant would not think of visiting his prize till the lords commissioners of the church gave him his warrant."

The next morning before breakfast, the admiral came to his library, and here he met Charles and Caroline actually studying botany. He listened to the lieutenant, and was now more charmed with him than ever, to think that he really knew something of plants and flowers, and shrubs and trees.

It was breakfast time; and now their conversation turned on a cousin of Charles's, who was in the Guards.

Charles told candidly why he kept so little of his cousin's company. The admiral remonstrated on the force of prejudice, and showed him that the naval arm of our isle was at no time inferior to our military arm : it was immaterial to him whether he and Charles belonged to the right or the left arm ; the latter required as much strength in supporting the weight of Britannia's ægis against the blows of our foes, as the former in hurling through Gallia or Iberia's chosen bands the thunderbolts of war.

“For,” said the admiral, “is not our fleet to Britannia what Medusa's head was to Minerva? Does not our fleet strike terror into the hearts of our foes? Let us then glory that Britannia has placed on her ægis bull dogs more destructive to the enemies of our commerce and liberty, and their howl-

ing more terrible than Cepheus' court found the petrifying power of the head of Neptune's mistress."

The admiral, after breakfast, wrote to his solicitor to attend him at two o'clock, and in the mean time he waited upon Charles's cousin, whom he invited to dinner that day. The solicitor was punctual to the time, and received his instructions to prepare the marriage-settlement, by which, on his marriage with Miss Caroline Springfield, Charles was to receive seventeen thousand pounds, the admiral's town-house with all its appurtenances, the furniture and cellar of wine; and when Mrs. Stuart's first child should lisp "*grand pa*," a moiety of the remainder of the admiral's fortune should be the child's, if a boy, but a sub-moiety if a girl; and from the hour that the child, be it male or female, lisped these words, the principal and interest of that

moiety or sub-moiety should go on to accumulate till the child was of age: the remainder of his fortune, the admiral by will bequeathed to the other child or children of his son and daughter, to be shared equally amongst them when of age, if himself were dead.

The admiral would still give no more to Charles, as there was plenty of room for him to rise in the service; and if he were fortunate in two or three rich prizes, he might realize as pretty an independency as his father-in-law enjoyed.

His estates, which were but small, should be the lieutenant's at the admiral's death.

Instructions similar to these, interlarded with many questions, and much extraneous matter on the battles he had fought, the forts he had stormed in his early life, and especially the conquering stratagem of his daughter and

Dr. Boston, made it six o'clock ere the solicitor could depart.

It was dinner-time. The clock had gone six. George Wallace (that was the name of our hero's cousin) was introduced. "Captain Wallace," said the admiral, "let me introduce you to a lieutenant of our navy; a brave fellow: yes, by Heavens! he has out-sailed his admiral."

"I have the pleasure of knowing the lieutenant, admiral; and I believe both he and I feel very proud in the honour you do us by so much friendship."

"Pho, pho, captain, you jest. You don't think as you speak for yourself; but come, come, let's to the dining-room, and take pot-luck to-day."

"Captain!" exclaimed Caroline: she had not heard the surname, as her father ushered him into her presence. "What, posted already, Charles?"

when the admiral cried out, "Take care, Captain Wallace, this daughter of mine will make a prize of you too. She has captured one of our fleet already."

"I am very happy to see you. I hope Miss Springfield is very well."

"Very well indeed, sir; you'll forgive me, I took you for Lieutenant Stuart. I was overjoyed to hear the word Captain; I really thought it had been prefixed to Mr. Stuart's name: still I am very happy to see Captain Wallace."

Caroline pronounced these last three words with very great emphasis, but in so sweet and affectionate an inflexion of voice, that George was puzzled to account for so familiar a welcome from the admiral, and so much of the friend and relation in the looks and words and gait of Miss Caroline.

Charles was now visible.

The admiral; "Come, lieutenant, take your prize in tow, and let's go and get provisioned."

Charles offered his arm to the dear girl; George looked very queer; she linked herself to the lieutenant; the admiral took the captain by the arm.

"Well, captain, what's the——these seamen don't stick at little things: no, no, they can't put off time, fighting the enemy at the guns' range; your cousin, sir, I do assure you, stormed my castle; and you see how he marches along the gallery a-la-fois the governor, with the Springfield diamond under his arm."

"Upon my honour, admiral, you are very gay and very enigmatical; why do you not speak intelligibly? My head-piece is too dull to comprehend all your nautical metaphors."

They were now arrived at the eating-room; the admiral turned off the

discourse to the dishes before them, and during dinner entered into a long disquisition on French and English cookery.

After dinner, the physician, Doctor Marshall, and Miss Julia, his daughter—Mrs. Marshall was indisposed, and could not leave home—came to drink tea with the admiral: rather, they came in a friendly manner to see the affianced couple, and to contribute, by their presence, to the amusement of the admiral in his new capacity of father and father-in-law. Caroline was truly happy to see Julia; and Charles took the liberty to introduce her to George, whom the admiral had just introduced to the doctor. But the admiral had not yet risen from his wine. The young ladies returned to the drawing-room. Charles begged to be allowed to follow them very soon, which was agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

In the drawing-room a trio was soon engaged into: Caroline played on the harp, Julia sung, Charles managed by turns a flute and violincello. The company below stairs, the admiral, the captain, and the doctor, were quite at home, and the admiral went into all the details of Charles's adventures at his house and with his daughter; first, as Bobbin John the hairdresser; secondly, as Dr. Boston the botanist. There was not an item of the veriest part of the whole drama that the admiral did not mention, and many parts he coloured so strongly, that all three were distinctly heard throughout the whole house to be convulsed with laughter.

But what amused beyond measure the admiral, was the recollection of the odd figure the lieutenant made when he could distinctly, and devoid of passion, view Charles in the wide-sleeved,

broad-tailed, plain-breasted, collarless coat; the waistcoat that seemed to have lived in the days of Cromwell; the small-clothes, and long boots without tops; and, above all, the hat and wig: but all this the admiral was sure was nothing to the appearance the lieutenant made in the dress of Bobbin John. John's dress was the quintessence of eccentricity, and in it the bold lieutenant came on foot, through the streets, to Miss Springfield's library.

“In short, Captain Wallace, your cousin is a devilish clever fellow, but he is honourable and virtuous.”

“And what is equal to all this, he is,” exclaimed the doctor, who could be silent no longer, “he is the sole object of Miss Springfield's choice.”

“You are very right, doctor,” rejoined the admiral, “and she is the object of his choice, and my fortune

is sufficient, and my interest is none of the least to get him promoted."

"Upon my honour, admiral," replied the thunderstruck military man, "this quite confounds my intellects; but since you are agreeable to the match, I see no reason why my cousin should hesitate: only I think it would be at least prudent to write to his family in the north, and get their approbation; perhaps, if you have no objection, one of his sisters would be proud to be bride's maid: but that won't do either."—"I fear, sir, it won't; there's Julia Marshall."—"Very true, sir."—"But, captain, he shall to-morrow write home."—"Agreed, sir, and I'll expect Robert also."

It is hardly necessary to tell the reader, that our hero's friends approved of the match. All things having been properly arranged, the uncle, the dean, came post from Lincoln, and Eliza

and Robert from the north ; and the hands of Charles and Caroline were joined ; their hearts were long ago tied by ties more indissoluble than even the strength of the church's vows. The new-married couple left the admiral's house in town, himself and the captain and Miss Eliza Stuart accompanying them ; and Charles and Caroline slept together, for the first time, that night at St. Albans.

CHAPTER XIX.

———There is no creature loves me ;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they ?—
There is my purse.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was just three years since Augustus had left his native isle to sail for India, when he returned to enjoy, in the friendship of his family, and the regard of Jessie, the fruits of his toils, dangers, and anxieties.

His success in India had been great. His skill in the honourable profession necessity had thrown him into was rewarded by unparalleled success, and the application he gave to his business secured every patient he once had attended, and gave him a connexion that

very cheerfully and liberally rewarded his knowledge and assiduity.

Amongst those who were his patients was an old gentleman who had gone abroad at an early life, and who had now amassed many lacks of rupees. This gentleman had enjoyed a good state of health, and was on the eve of returning home, when, in a hunting party with which he had engaged, having been severely bruised, an operation was performed on him by Augustus that blasted the hopes of an heir. But the patient got well again, and it is probable might have lived for many years, had the philosophy of his mind been equal to the pressure of despair with which he was visited; but he sunk under the load, and found relief only in the company of his physician Doctor Stuart.

It was by a reciprocity of confidence that, when both were seated one after-

noon in the most familiar converse, the doctor gave Mr. Jack, that was the patient's name, an account of his family and his father's misfortunes. The picture drew tears from Mr. Jack's eyes, and gave the doctor an elevation of character, that even his practice had not conferred on him. Mr. Jack, whose health daily declined, notwithstanding the skill and industry of his physician, took an opportunity which the dual number offered him, to tell Stuart, that having left Scotland when a boy, and having heard of the deaths successively of his father, mother, brother, and one sister he had, and all his other relations having very good fortunes of their own, he was not solicitous to make a will. He purposed to die intestate, but he would not die without an heir; and, accordingly, having invited a large company of his friends to dine with him, he was carried

out of his bed and placed in a chair at the head of his table, the honours of which he was for the last time now to perform.

When the cloth had been removed, he called all the company to witness, that, "as a dying man, he bequeathed, verbally, his whole property to Doctor Stuart, and his sister Eliza;" and with that, taking from his pocket the keys of his iron chest and bureau, he put them into Augustus's hands, praying as he raised them to the ceiling of the room, that "Heaven would give his heirs health to enjoy the fruits of a poor dying man's care and toil."

As soon as Mr. Jack had made this speech, and willed his property, and prayed a benison upon his heirs, he sunk back into his chair, and was carried speechless to his bed, where he lingered some three weeks or longer, and then gave up the ghost;

leaving the doctor and Eliza in the undisputed possession of an immense fortune.

The sudden and unexpected acquisition of so much wealth, as it raised him above the laborious practice he had conducted so honourably for three years, determined Augustus to return to Europe with the first fleet, and leave to his successor the toils of business, whilst he hastened to enjoy the blessings of friendship, love, and home, in the company of his dear sister, and the embraces of his faithful, constant Jessie; and home he came, nor halted longer than he could after his arrival in England, till he got to Edina's lofty site, and saw his father and sister.

The arrival of Augustus was indeed a glad day to Mr. Stuart and Eliza; they both saw a friend; they hailed the presence of Augustus, as that of a son and a brother, and Eliza positively

wept for gladness; it was Augustus she embraced, and it was Eliza he clasped to his bosom; the universe was centred in her and his aged sire; and existence, all that she might call existence, dwelt in the name of papa, and the holy word brother.

After passing a few days with his family, Doctor Stuart went to Kelvin. He was welcomed by his Jessie like a messenger from the other world; and Mr. Levingstone threw himself into Augustus's arms, and needed the support of those present to keep him from sinking on his knees; an attitude, by the bye, this staunch presbyterian would not have assumed out of respect to any earthly being.

After these welcomes and emotions had subsided, the family of St. Clyde came upon the tapis; and Augustus that evening retired to rest in a state of mind which the children of sorrow

sometimes enjoy. He reflected on all his own wanderings in life's bewildered way; and, fancying that Colin still survived, he pictured to his mind the friend of his early days informed of the fate of his family, and like himself contemplating the manse, where without father, mother, and sister, and for years without brother, the friendless Ellen spent in anxious thought and various woe the lonely hours. Her he would this night paint to his lively imagination, all solitary, and alone traversing the loneliest bounds of the sea-beaten shore of her native isle; now he would fancy her sitting on the well-known rock, eying the deeply laden merchant ship, careering over unfathomed fields of ocean, and wondering if her brother still lived. Then he would behold her in midnight's cold, in despite of the chilling breeze seated on the brow of the cliff, keeping her vigils, and fancy-

ing how and where in distant lands her brother passed his hours, and whether she might hope yet to see Colin. And thus he in a pleasing, seriously painful reverie fell asleep; and arose in the morning with the full determination of setting off to see Ellen in two days.

He did so, and was received by Mr. Thornhill, his wife, Ellen, and her friends, with all that pleasure, mingled with sadness, to which their sympathy with Ellen's misfortunes gave existence.

CHAPTER XX.

Even remote and minute events are objects of a curiosity, which being natural to the human mind, the gratification of it is attended with pleasure.

DR. ROBERTSON'S CH. V.

AUGUSTUS spent a month very agreeably at the manse, puzzled which to admire most, the resignation of Ellen, or the disinterested, heaven-born piety of Mr. Thornhill; and he was not a little pleased with the dominie, Mr. Maclean. It was on a particular day that the dominie dined at the manse, and, after dinner, he endeavoured to prove that "virtue is nobility, and nothing besides virtue is nobility." Augustus having inadvertently led this

worthy man into a discussion as to the predicate agreeing or disagreeing with the subject ; the dominie, to prove the figure of a syllogism being the legitimate disposition of the middle term in the premises, showed that as the middle term may be disposed in four different ways, (as though Augustus and the minister knew it not,) there were four figures. "First," said he, "Every animal has feeling, every man is an animal ; therefore every man has feeling : secondly," continued the dominie, "where the middle term is the predicate of both premises : No stone is an animal, every man is an animal ; therefore no man is a stone : thirdly, give me leave, Mr. Thornhill, to finish my figures," for the minister would have stopped him ; "when the middle term is the subject of both premises : Every animal has feeling, every animal has life ; therefore some living things have

feeling. And to conclude" exclaimed he, in a transport of triumphant, pedantic joy, "the fourth figure, in which the middle term is the predicate of the major proposition and subject of the minor: Every man is an animal, every animal has feeling; therefore some things possessed of feeling are men."

The good dominie would have gone on to show the rules of syllogisms, whether common, general, or special, and all his sixty-four modes of a syllogism would have come in review, unfolding the sixteen different pairs of premises, and the fourfold conclusion, and all the etceteras, but Mactaggart's youngest boy arrived at the manse with letters, and one of these was to the dominie from his son.

As all were anxious to hear how poor Fergus was, a dead silence reigned over the room; the father put on his spectacles; they were not

bright; he took them off and wiped the glasses; put them on again; still he could not see. "Miss Ellen, will ye wipe my glasses," said he; and the lovely creature did so. But during this operation the poor but joyful father had applied both his hands to his eyes, rubbing them with the upper part of the first joint of his forefingers. And now he again put on his spectacles, and he could at length see it was the hand-writing of Fergus.

"Chatham Barracks, June 22nd.

My dear Parents,

We are under general orders for foreign service. We are holding ourselves in readiness for a moment's warning. We leave all our baggage behind us; there is not one woman to go with the regiment: where we are going I cannot tell you, but it is thought for the opposite coast. I

hope this expedition will not be so fatal to the 42nd as the last; that was the severest suffering expedition that ever went from England. If I can get as much spare time, I shall write you before I sail; but if not, when I land, if I am spared to land and can get an opportunity, let it be whatever place it may, I shall endeavour to send you a letter. But if it be a job like the last, it will be hard for me to send you a single letter. Many a time I regretted I could not get a single line sent home. When the regiment comes to England again, and you get no word about your undutiful son, you will direct your letters always to the same company.

3 The letter will be relieved and an answer sent back by some of my comrades. I hope the Almighty will be my protector in every danger, in the field and on the way, and be my hel-

met of salvation to cover me in the day of battle. I write this letter with a tear in my eye. Farewell, my dear parents, while I am,

Your affectionate Son,

FERGUS MACLEAN.

“ P. S. Give my respects to the minister, and tell the parents and relations of my country lads that we are all well. It is supposed we shall embark at Ramsgate, as the expedition is to sail from the Downs under the command of our countryman, General ——.”

And without being able to proceed with a long postscript, the dominie gave the letter to the minister.—
“ Ye’ll be so good, Mr. Thornhill, as read the remainder; the parent’s feelings are too strong for the task; indeed, though in your house, where I should willingly hold the office of any

one of your *anagnostæ optimi*, you are *lector peritissimus* amongst us, and I hope will oblige me."

The poor dominie was sorrowful and resigned, but his resignation did not keep him fixed with one elbow on his school desk, his head resting on the palm of his hand, and his eyes in listless gaze thrown on the ground: his resignation was of the same character as what we witnessed in the parents and relatives of the recruits when they left the quay of Rothsay; it was that restored equanimity which displays itself in active, sociable, and dignified cheerfulness, equally removed from capricious mirth and wanton joy.

The minister read the letter over again with calm attention, and coming to the *Almighty* name, the good man lifted his eyes and his hands to the heavens, and prayed a prayer of protection and safety for these lads.

Ellen and Mrs. Thornhill dropt a tear at the words, "the letter will be relieved, and an answer sent back by some of my comrades;" and the last sentence of the letter drew from Augustus an observation of sympathy for the good dominie, that endeared Fergus Maclean to his father, in spite of the rash youth's heedlessness.

"I have seen," said Augustus, "men who had become familiar with balls, drop a tear even when cheering on the beach, as they embarked for foreign service."

"Yes!" rejoined Major Mackay, who was present with them; "men whom I have frequently had opportunities of witnessing firm as the oak and intrepid beyond conception, when the duty of their king and country called for firmness of soul for any trial,—yes! these very men in the ranks value their honour; it is the sweetest

reward of all their toils;—yes! men whom danger and misfortune, the thunder of guns, and the crash of the charge only make bold beyond human courage, will drop a tear at leaving their native shore, but they will not be seen sad; they will not show their enemies that they know what the sympathies of friendship are;—yes! these men think it not alone sufficient to be brave, to conquer, because they are severe observers of discipline; they will be amicable and regular among their fellow-soldiers; they will be beloved; they will have the confidence of men of truth in each other in the day of battle; and they will have the esteem of their officers: and, Mr. Maclean, your son may not be a whit the less brave that he gives relief to his feelings.”

But there was a great part of young

Maclean's letter written in the name of one of his fellow-soldiers, to the dominie, who had paid much attention to this brave man's father in sickness, on his death-bed; and finally officiated at the funeral of old James Grahame, both as a friend and a Christian.

The company had by this discourse been interrupted, but the minister requested silence, and went on with the second P. S. which began thus: "I write as Jamie Grahame dictates to me, father."

"Jamie Grahame!" cried the dominie; "aye, I'll warrant him

Grahamius mirabilis fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus Regi fuerat intemerata fides:"

and before the minister could obtain silence a second time, the dominie finished these two verses:

"Agiles monticolas Marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit."

“ MR. MACLEAN,

Dear Sir,

I received your two letters relating to my late father; your first letter I read with heartfelt sorrow, but your last I read with increasing sorrow. As you desired me to write, I did so instantly, and I am a little surprised that there was no such thing as a letter sent to me before this time by my step-mother. Dear sir, it grieves me very much to think that I did not deserve a letter from any one but you, when there was such trouble at home, and a' his nearest relations and dearest friends to be far from my loving an' honoured father; but it shows there was little respect paid to this quarter, when he was on his death-bed. I must lay past these reflections at present. Permit me to say, sir, that the great regard you always had towards me will

not die away as many a thing has done. I am very much comforted to learn by your letter, that my late father died in full hopes of immortality, and of the same turn of mind with an eminent divine of the church of Scotland. This must give me great comfort in my severe loss and affliction. My little brother, and my poor fatherless and motherless little sister, (God be their father till Jamie Grahame come home again, and mine,) we are all greatly obligated to you, Mr. Maclean, for your great attention to our late father in his distress and death. O! sir, tell and thank the minister for a poor sodger, for a' the great kindness he showed my dying father; and O! sir, if you would keep little Davie, my brother, at your school, I will save some of my pay, and send it home to pay you for his schooling. And if the dear lady at the manse would take my

poor friendless little sister, and make a good servant of her; if ever I be spared to reach that dear deserted island of Bute again, I hope I will be learned by grace to be thankful for the kindness done to my wee dear motherless Peggy.

“Farwell, dear sir, for the buggle is going again; but as there was an officer going to Scotland to recruit, I ken’d the captain would take a letter for me. It was an awful thing, but our good captain was attacked by three o’ the enemy in the charge of a redoubt on Abram’s Heights, and I came to his assistance just in time, and ilka man got his birdie; and the captain said, “Grahame, I owe you a day in hairst;” and so I think he will take home this long letter, and send it to you. Indeed Fergus and myself have gone to a by-place in the fields to write it, and if it be ill written, it’s not

because we cannot do better; but ye know if a body was sitting on the flat muir, and writing sometimes on his knees, and whiles on the ground, ye would not compare that copy with the bony copies you gart us do at a good firm desk in the school. And now we both bid you farewell, sir, and I am,

Dear sir,

Your dutiful and greatly obliged
scholar,

JAMES GRAHAME."

Such is the letter literally as it was penned by young Maclean from the dictating of Jamie Grahame, and probably our readers have enjoyed in its perusal the feelings it created in those who listened to the minister as he read it. The honest dominie took three pinches of snuff, and having applied his pocket-handkerchief more than once to his leaky eyes, when the

company's feelings gave them leave to examine the faces of each other, the dominie's face was marked with a large brown curve under the left eye; but this the dominie, resuming his wonted spirits, jocosely called the dingy crescent and scar of elfin chivalry; and quoted from Barclay's "Euphormion" what is related respecting an officer and his servant having ventured to intrude upon a haunted house, and provided themselves with fires, lights, and arms; when, about midnight, the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling, then the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately; but these members, rolling themselves together, united in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, which defied them both to combat: but the minister would not allow the application any more than an inference from the

story of the Goblin Knight. "I suppose not," said the dominie, his head still swimming with syllogisms, "because that would be an argument *a particulari ad universale*." And to prevent the good man from going into any *enthymeme*, where the suppressed proposition might be an hypothetic or disjunctive major, the minister spoke of the contents of the letter, and Miss St. Clyde went and brought a sweet pocket-handkerchief, and, with an elegant artless courtesy, begged Mr. Maclean to apply it to his cheek; and to her he offered it again, but she replied, "Pray, Mr. Maclean, put it into your pocket, it was once my father's."

The dominie's cheek was not restored to its natural colour by the application of the handkerchief, but the minister insisted, that since the dominie could not see with "his own eyes" his cheeks, he should retire to the mirror,

and adjust the colour of his face by that infallible discloser of natural beauty or deformity.

Previously to leaving the island, Captain Mackay had the pleasure, if it may be so called, of dining with the dominie again at the manse. It was about six weeks after the former visit, and in the course of the conversation after dinner, the minister took occasion to boast to the captain of the dominie's skill in the mathematics, and instanced the solution of the sophism we have already noticed. The captain had heard of it, and would be happy to hear Mr. Maclean's solution.

Mr. Maclean began.

“ If,” said he, “ the tortoise at setting off, be a furlong before Achilles, though the latter runs one hundred times faster than the tortoise crawls; yet, when he has run a furlong, the tortoise will be the hundredth part of a

furlong before him ; and when Achilles has advanced that small space, the tortoise will still be before him by the hundredth part of it, and so on *for ever*. Now, captain, this is Zeno's method ; and it is very true, that if we take the spaces or times decreasing, in that geometrical ratio of a hundred to one, we cannot assign among them (how far soever we continue the progression) any one at which Achilles will have overtaken the tortoise. But it is altogether false that the sum of those spaces or times will be an infinite quantity, as is implied in Zeno's conclusion ; for the sum of the infinite series one, one hundredth part, et cetera, is exactly one hundred ninety-nine parts. And, accordingly, that gives us the precise spot where Achilles will overtake the tortoise ; for when he has gone one hundred ninety-ninths of a furlong, the tortoise, moving one hun-

dred times slower, will have gone one ninety-ninth—that is, they will be just together.”

“Now, captain,” said the minister, “what do you think of that?” The captain bowed to the depth of the dominie’s calculation, as affording another confirmation to prove the truth of what the dominie called “his calculation of the sum of an infinite decreasing series.”

The captain was asked by Mr. Maclean if he had ever seen a *cairn*, and being replied in the negative, for Mackay, though of Scotch extraction, had been born and educated in England, and had now only gone to visit the land of his forefathers more out of travelling curiosity than out of that spirit which would drag to her bosom the sons to which Scotia gave existence;—accordingly the dominie took from his pocket a couple of quires of

manuscript, giving a full description of one he had seen opened ; but as the company would be unreasonably detained by reading the whole, the good man proposed to state briefly the contents of his work.

First, then, it went to describe this sepulchral cairn, as composed of a vast number of stones, which, from the north abounding with lapidose substances, easily accounted for such collections *lapidum super lapides*. Secondly, he went to show that, in those which had been opened, and especially in the one himself had seen opened, and even considerably around it, there had been found a number of earthen urns that were covered with flat stones, and were full of half-burnt human bones. Thirdly, it proved from this very largely, that the mode of sepulture among the pagan people of the north, "that is," said he, "among our

ancestors," was performed by, first, burning their dead; though they appeared to have differed somewhat in the manner of inhumation, according to the rank of the deceased. Fourthly, it traced in every part of Scotland, in the Hebrides, in the Orkneys even, a great number of the sepulchral remains of the first colonists or their immediate descendants. And, finally, it attempted to show how these were more numerous in ancient times than those in which his hearers lived; and the conclusion was filled with the lamentations of a Caledonian on the wickedness of modern improvement during the last century having removed those sacred remains, to supply the cultivators of the soil with stones for their fences, and mould for their compost.

He had also another dissertation in his pocket on the erne, or Scottish eagle, which he much wished the com-

pany would listen to; but they all declined it, "and regretted much they had not time to hear his topographical and meteorological description of Ben Nevis."

But Mr. Maclean never appeared so deep learned amongst the poor people of the parish; he displayed amongst them good sense, except in frequently repeating and prosing "The Georgics" to any farmer whom he saw any way behind his neighbour in the management of his crops or cattle. However, none of them would allow that the poet of Italy knew the nature of the soil and climate of an island which was unknown to his master Augustus, and the dominie was therefore obliged to lament the perversity of their natures, and entertain them with the exploits of Æneas, the feats of Hector and Achilles, the famous tales of Quintus Curtius, or the retreat of ten thousand

Greeks: Bacon's Essays he would lecture on from night to night; and Newton's Principia he would sit studying long after the sun had gilded other lands with its orient beams; and his scholars liked nothing better than Saturday afternoon, when their master took his cross-staff and chain, and went forth in the midst of them, lecturing all along the road, as a true peripatetic, on the sublimity of geometry, the properties of extension, and the doctrine of quantity and magnitudes. It was then that the hindmost felt not the "*taws*." But from this digression we return to the company, whom the dominie's stores of learning had so much pleased and annoyed.

He was just going to leave the manse when Mactaggart's boy arrived with letters, and there was one to the dominie. The reason why these letters came so close on the back of each other, was

owing to the captain, to whom Fergus (or rather Jamie Grahame) had given his letter, not putting it into the post-office till he got to Fochabers.

“ Camp before T——

Sir,

I am happy to inform you, that your son Angus Maclean is recoverin his waund and gettin quit well; he was waunded in the leg at T——, where there lay 413 good saulders on the fild of the 42nd regiment. I shall allwais menshan yauer sin wen I write. Some of my comrades gat skraches, and sum of them gat skelpes, but the deel a ane of them but yauer sin has gotten aught ill, except the deed; ye can tell the lads' freens that, from,

I remain,

Your obdent servant,

Sergeant-Major MACULLOCH.

42nd. R. H. Regiment.”

“ To Mr. Maclean, Bute.”

The originality and truth of all contained in this letter Mr. Maclean did not doubt, and he favoured Major Mackay with a reading of it; the major said "this was the language of a brave man, who, be it known," continued the major, "whilst he speaks of *scratches*, means thereby bayonet or sabre wounds," as was afterwards learned; for at the time the sergeant-major wrote, he had received three in his limbs and one on his body; but the post of sergeant-major was too high to allow of complaint or grumble, or shrinking from duty when he could with pain perform it. It was not pride; no! it was that fearless indifference and disregard of personal suffering that characterises a brave man, that kept this soldier from mentioning his own name, but as the humble author of unfavourable intelligence.

The dominie "was resigned and

tranquil," but he could not contain himself. "Brave Forty-second!" he exclaimed,

*"Regibus et legibus, Scotici constantes,
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro principe pugnantes,
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria
In cantis et historia, perpes est memoria."*

And the minister had authoritatively to request he would rhyme in Saxon, if he would be a bard.

His son was alive, though above four hundred of his comrades in death and glory had moistened the earth with their noble blood. They had fought like princes, and they had died like heroes. Nobility could not more: and, since the dominie held it true that "virtue is nobility," it was quite analogous to his opinions to call the crimson tide that had ebbed, leaving dry the frail bodies of the heroes, "the blood of nobility."

"Will the blood of the lion," cried

the poor dominie, "fatten the earth sooner than the blood of the bear? Does the carcase of the eagle rot sooner than that of the vulture? Is the lily prettier than the rose, but by comparison? In ten thousand years the shamrock and the thistle that now bloom will have lost, as to the earth, all their influence!"

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

ERRATUM.

*Page 44, fourth line from the top, for " his dream," read
" her dream."*

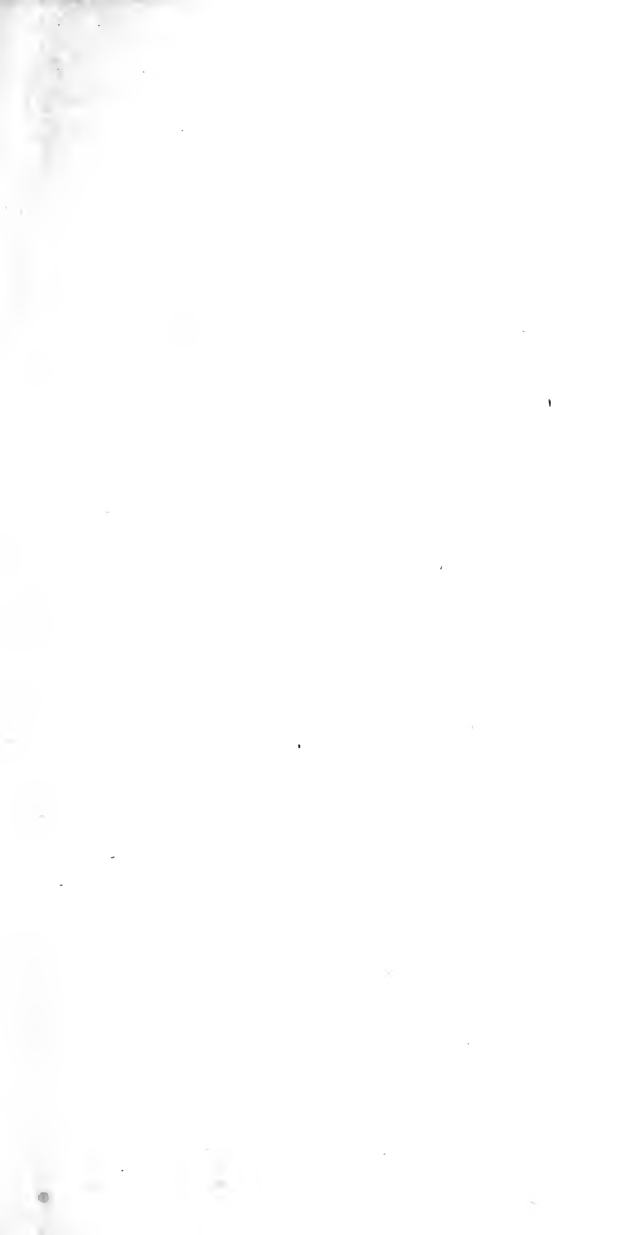
















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